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A Fair Saxon.

A FAIR SAXON.

A Novel.

BY

JUSTIN M'CARTHY,

AUTHOR OF
"MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER," "THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS,"
ETC. ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.





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A Fair Saxon.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the central and populous districts of London there runs a long, rather broad thoroughfare, which, although almost absolutely unknown to the country visitor, or to Londoners living in other districts, might form the main street of a good-sized provincial city. The houses were once accounted stately and spacious. Nobles and statesmen lived there even so lately as Evelyn's time, nor had it wholly lost its character when Swift and Harley walked London streets. Then it fell into shops, and now the shops themselves have degenerated to almost the lowest grade. The upper window-frames of many a house where small coals and potatoes are sold below

display the remains of ornamentation which the hand of a Wren may have designed. Some of these upper rooms are still spacious and with a lingering look of dignity about them, although a clothes-line stretched from one end to the other bears a load of miscellaneous drapery, visible to the street outside, and which makes it plain that the occupant of that part of the house lives by taking in washing. Out of some of the highest windows dirty children are hanging over for a glimpse of the pavement, and are amusing themselves by dropping potato-peels or bits of cabbage-stump on the wayfarers below. These children make the unaccustomed passer-by hold his breath and tremble, for he expects to see them come toppling down upon the pavement. But they are used to the condition of things, as the Swiss children are used to walk on the edge of a precipice, and they never fall over. It is not thus that the numbers of the infant population are diminished there.

This is summer weather, and the windows are open. Where there are not children, there is to be seen at each upper aperture an unshorn and unkempt man, in his

shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe, or a woman in what Mr. Pepys would call her smock-sleeves and bodice, who has stopped in her household work to have a look at the street. A good many windows, one is surprised to see, have flowers in pots, and some have birdcages. This is not a vicious thoroughfare—only overcrowded, dirty, and poor. The shops may be easily classified. Small coals and potatoes, a butcher, a pawnshop, a dining-room—with a pudding like a cannon-ball, and ever-steaming, sickening meats—a tripe shop, a shop for the sale of sweetmeats, cheap toys, ballads, and little story-books, a bakery, a carver and gilder's, and several public-houses—some of them having concert-rooms, and exhibiting tempting prints of a comic singer with a battered hat, and a young lady in evening dress.

There are several lanes or courts, and at the corner of one of these stands the Harp of Erin public-house—a rather large establishment, with a painted and faded sign on the front wall representing a dishevelled and largely developed female figure, clad in green, and allowing her hair to fall over a gigantic lyre, the chords of which it drapes like the

long moss that trails from the branches of trees in a forest of the Carolinas. In the windows of this hostelry are little printed bills, announcing that the raffle in aid of the funds of the St. Dermod Sick and Burial Society is going on every night during the week.

We have been describing this place by daylight, but it is night when we get there. A hansom cab stops in front of the Harp of Erin, and Mr. Tyrone and Colonel Quentin leap out. Both are in evening dress, and look oddly out of place there. Tyrone has a light coat thrown over his other clothes, but Colonel Quentin stands out lithe, swaggering, brilliant, in his black swallow-tail and white tie. It is late now, and there are few people about.

General Macan had gone on before to prepare for their coming. They enter the bar and ask for him. He comes down in a moment; there are sounds of laughter and applause and many stamping feet in a large front room on the first floor.

"The raffle's going on above, full blast," the General says. "The room's very full, and you'll not care to pass through it. I'll take you to the committee-room at once. Show us the private way up, Tim."

Tim, an Irish barman, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, and who had just been showing and descanting on his brawny muscle to an admiring customer with a blackened face, striped trousers, and a banjo, opens a door behind the bar, and tumbles up a flight of narrow stairs, which leads to a corridor. At the street end of this corridor is the room where the raffle is going on; at the other end is seen a door with panes of glass in it, which are hung inside with a curtain of green baize. When Tim has conducted them thus far, he leaves them.

General Macan then leads the way, Tyrone follows; Colonel Quentin, smoking a cigar, comes last.

Macan opens the glass door without any ceremony, and Tyrone enters. There is no secrecy and no precaution.

"Shut the door after you, Phil," the General says, carelessly. And Quentin, entering, shuts the door.

They are in a tolerably large room, lighted with gas. The floor is uneven in many places, but the remains of decaying cornices, and even some misty traces of a painted ceiling, show that it was once a

handsome and stately apartment. There is a round table in the centre, looking small when compared with the size of the room, and the table is strewn with tickets, checks, papers, account-books, all having reference to the St. Dermod Sick and Burial Society. The walls are hung with bills describing the grand piano, the silver watch, the accordion, the railway season-ticket, the arm-chair, the oil painting, and the other treasures which are to be disposed of for the benefit of the charity. Several men are seated round the table; two or three are lounging in chairs which they have tilted back, so that the chair stands on its hind legs, and the head of the sitter touches the wall.

"Gentlemen," General Macan proclaims in grandiloquent style, and with one hand proudly outstretched, "I have the distinguished honour to introduce the descendant of the great Tyrones—the heir of ages of rebellion — one of the real Princes of Erin."

A burst of applause followed, and the men all rose to their feet, and received Tyrone with a perfectly Oriental prodigality of bows and homage. Some colour

came into Tyrone's cheek—he had vanity enough to be pleased with all this for the moment. But he had come to observe, and his quick eye took in every feature and form at a glance. He did not fail to notice that one man was much less profuse in his welcome than the rest, and that after one formal bow, he instantly crossed the room and engaged in conversation with Colonel Quentin. This man was evidently a foreigner. Tyrone noted his spiked moustache and his quick gestures. He was well-dressed, and looked like a gentleman.

Not so the others. The majority were of the class who might have kept small shops in the neighbourhood, and the Irish accent rolled off their tongues. The two or three who lounged in the chairs were obviously Irish Americans, and probably had been soldiers. They were loose-limbed, bold, and athletic, with a certain swagger. But the whole gathering had little about it of that air of joyous heedlessness which is the common atmosphere where Irishmen are in the majority. There was a vague suggestion of sternness, or even of ferocity, about them.

"Gentlemen," one man exclaimed, "we welcome our natural leader! Tyrone for ever! Begor, and 'twas time you come among us at last!"

He caught Tyrone's hand and wrung it, and there were tears dancing in his wild eyes.

"Glory be to the Powers that we've lived to see the day!" another cried. "Here's the young chief in his true place! We'll carry him at the head of us yet!"

"Another cheer, boys, for the bold Tyrone!" a third voice exclaimed, and there were fresh plaudits and stampings, and Tyrone's gloved fingers were squeezed in many a successive grip.

Tyrone was a little taken by surprise, but not much. He had lately begun to suspect the true nature of the important association of Irish and American patriots which Macan had persuaded him to visit. Heedless as he too often was, he had taken this step deliberately and with his eyes open.

Now he waited coolly until their excitement had somewhat soberized. Colonel Quentin eyed him keenly; so did the foreigner who stood beside Quentin.

"Gentlemen," said Tyrone, in his clear,

frank voice, that had something sympathetic and winning in it, "I am always delighted to meet my countrymen. I am Irish, heart and soul—I think I have always shown that. But I don't claim to be a leader of any Irish movement. I hope Ireland, God bless her! has wiser heads to guide her, though I think she can't have many more faithful hearts. But I must plainly tell you that at present I don't even know what your movement is, and I can hardly say whether it is my place to lead you until I know whither you want to be led."

"Oh, begor, it isn't a Tyrone that'll want any teaching on that point," remarked one of the audience, with a wink.

"Explanation only spoils this sort of thing," said General Macan, jauntily; "we'll tell you all about our means, Colonel Tyrone, but about our ends, oh, sure, as Lord Byron says, 'I beseech you to suppose them.'"

"Excuse me, General Macan," said Tyrone, coldly, "and pray let me remind you once more that I hold no military rank. I must have the clearest knowledge of what your objects are before my name is given to help them. Gentlemen," he

added, with a certain simple dignity, "I have nothing to give to any cause but my name. It is my last and only possession. It is your possession indeed as well as mine; it is a poor part of our national history. It shall not be given away lightly. What then do you want of me?"

"But this is absurd——" the foreigner broke in. Quentin checked him.

"Don't you know what you've been brought here for? Didn't the General tell you?" several voices exclaimed, some in blank wonder, some in angry remonstrance.

"General Macan is not to blame," Tyrone said; "I refused to receive any explanation from him. When he told me of some great patriotic association, I thought a Tyrone had a right to know something about it. But I refused to be instructed by him. I preferred to see some of my countrymen face to face."

"That's true as Gospel," Macan observed, "but I took it for granted you knew all about it."

An uneasy condition of mind began to show itself, and people looked angrily at Macan, who only whistled a tune, and bore

the complacent mien of one who waits until a little becoming comedy of formula has been got properly through. He assumed that all this on Tyrone's part was only like the feigned reluctance of a singer who wants pressing.

"Come," said Tyrone, "let us not be formal. Let us sit down round the table, and talk the matter agreeably over. We are all Irish here, I suppose?"

"Or friends of Ireland," quietly observed Colonel Quentin.

"Or friends of Ireland," said Tyrone, very slowly; and studying the faces. "There are sometimes family councils where the offices even of the best friends are a little out of place. But Ireland has not so many friends that she can afford to shut out any. Well, then, we are all Irishmen here, or friends of Ireland. What do we propose to do for Ireland?"

"Set her free, by God!" exclaimed a stout fellow, bringing his fist down with a bang upon the table.

"By what means?"

"With the pikes in good repair!" sang out Macan's mellow voice, and a fierce burst of applause followed.

"Then you are trying to organize a Fenian rebellion?"

"Devil a doubt of it!" exclaimed Macan; and there was a fresh roar of approval.

"Then," said Tyrone, rising, "all I can say to my countrymen is to warn them against such insane projects. If there is any one here with whom the name of Tyrone and its old memories has any influence, I beg of him—I implore of him—to have nothing to do with this! It will only end in a few miserable deaths and a national disgrace."

"Disgrace!" one man cried. "Does a Tyrone call it disgrace to rebel against England?"

"No!" Tyrone answered, with an equal vehemence, "I don't—although I believe in my soul that the English people only want to be our true friends. I don't call rebellion disgrace. The traditions of centuries are not so soon forgotten. Just now I believe it would be a crime, but not a disgrace. But I don't call your Fenian scheme a rebellion. I don't give that the name of a rebellion which will never call for even one charge of cavalry to put it down."

Angry murmurs followed.

"Be easy, boys—easy, now!" said the self-satisfied Macan. "Just let me explain. The condition of things is changed, Mr. Tyrone. Look across the ocean, sir! Think of the hundreds of thousands of Irishmen there. Let me show you some of our figures and facts——"

"Do you take me for a fool, or a New York serving-woman, General Macan? I know the value of your facts and figures. All the world ought to know what they mean. I want to hear no more from you. I only warn my countrymen here against you."

"He's in for a Government place," growled one voice.

"Turned tail, by thunder!" one of the Irish Americans exclaimed.

"Be gorra, he's in the Government pay already!" some one else cried out. "He's a spy! Shut the door!"

Several hands hastened to make fast the door. The ferocity of panic was beginning to set in. The men crowded round Tyrone.

"One's life isn't worth a cent here," Colonel Quentin coolly remarked. Then he

called out in a clear voice, "Gentlemen, we can't convince Mr. Tyrone; but I am sure he will promise that if he is allowed to go —I am sure he will give his word of honour not to disclose anything he has seen or heard——"

"I will pledge myself to nothing," Tyrone answered, vehemently. "If I go out of this place alive, I will go out as free and unpledged as I came in. I will promise nothing. If it seems to me right for the interests of Ireland, I will denounce all this at the next police-station. You may murder me, but you shan't get any promise from me."

The terror of premature disclosure has always been, and for good reason, a sort of overmastering panic among the humbler class of Irish conspirators. The men in the Harp of Erin who now gathered round Tyrone were almost beside themselves at the thought that they were to be betrayed to the police. Not personal fear influenced them alone, but the thought of the frustration of their plans. Through many a rude, fierce mind the suggestion flashed that a trial and conviction for murder would not disclose the conspiracy; that Tyrone's dead

body might convict his slayer, but would not betray the cause. A ring of furious faces was quickly drawn around him, and the Irish Americans significantly put their right hands behind them for their revolvers. Tyrone stood with perfect composure, unarmed, defenceless, well knowing defence to be out of the question, but resolute and quiet, with all the brave blood of his race sustaining him. For a moment his life hung upon a chance, a word, a glance—only for a moment.

"Easy, now—easy," said the gallant Macan, elbowing his way with a careless roughness through the circle, shouldering this man out of the way and dragging another back, until he came side by side with Tyrone. "No, you don't! Colonel Tyrone came here with me of his own will, trusting to my word; and he's going out of this of his own free will too, just whenever he feels like it. Na'ry promise, na'ry pledge! I never asked for any promise when I brought him in, and by the immortal Jupiter, he shan't be asked for any promise when he's going out! Fall back, every mother's son of you! I reckon I'm in command here. Any fellow that just

steps one inch nearer to Colonel Tyrone will save his wife the trouble of cooking his breakfast to-morrow morning, and afford her the pleasure of seeing how she looks in a widow's cap!"

General Macan lent additional point to the humour of his conclusion by presenting the barrel of a very elegant silver-mounted "six-shooter" for the inspection of the angry group.

"Come, that's all right and pleasant," the General continued, when the murmuring and sullen circle had dispersed. "I'm always in command when business is on, and any fellow that don't feel like obeying, would do well to arrange beforehand for his favourite pattern in the matter of a coffin. Bad luck to ye all! Do you think Owen Roe O'Neill was in the habit of assassinating people, or that Wolfe Tone would have shot an unarmed man on sight? I'm ashamed of you! All right now, Mr. Tyrone; the boys are sorry, and they'll never do it again. They didn't think of themselves just for the moment. Well for them that Macan has brains enough to think for all."

"General Macan," said Tyrone, "I thank

you, and I esteem you a soldier and a gentleman."

Macan's eyes flashed with delighted pride. "See that, now!" he exclaimed. "Praise from a Tyrone. By the immortal Jupiter——"

"But Mr. Tyrone," said the foreigner with the moustache, now entering into the conversation, "will know how to make excuses for the anxiety of men who have a great cause—the cause of Ireland—in their hand, and who cannot stand on ceremony."

"I have not the honour of knowing you, sir," Tyrone said, coldly. "Is the cause of Ireland in your hands?"

"I serve Ireland as Mr. Tyrone's ancestors served France. My name is perhaps not unknown to Mr. Tyrone. I am General Charette."

"I thought as much," Tyrone replied, who had for some time suspected that he saw before him a famous conspirator and military adventurer known to many countries, a stormy petrel of political revolution, a cosmopolitan rebel who had begun at the barricades of July, fought under Garibaldi in 1848, and under John Brown in Kansas; was one of the thousand of Marsala, and

and was "out" with Langiewitz in Poland, a brave, restless, irrepressible, self-conceited, and feather-headed sort of man, whose instinctive notion of a government was something like the nine-pins in a game, something that strong and skilful men were to try to overturn. Established institutions anywhere were to General Charette what a butterfly is to a child, irresistibly tempting to all the destructive faculties. This was just the sort of man to whom Tyrone had an inherent objection, and, in part, perhaps, an unreasonable objection, and his demeanour now probably showed some of this feeling.

"Does Mr. Tyrone mean to imply——?"

"I don't mean to imply, but to say, very distinctly, that I think the cause of Ireland would get on better if it were left in the hands of Irishmen, and not mixed up in the *mélange* of the Revolution, as you, General Charette, would call it. I would earnestly urge my countrymen to keep out of all that, and to avoid all professional and trading Revolutionists."

"But this is insolence!"

Tyrone reddened, but took no notice of the words. He had turned to leave the

room, and only stayed to deliver this parting injunction.

"The cause of Ireland is not that of mere revolution. It is the cause of national freedom, and nothing else. The less we have to do with strangers the better."

"It is time," Charette almost screamed, planting himself straight before Tyrone, and staring him full in the face, "it is time that strangers should cease to fight for Ireland, when the descendants of her old leaders are too much coward—coward!—to fight for her."

This was too much. Tyrone had been fighting with passion of one kind or another all the night. He flung all self-command away, and, with his gloved hand, struck General Charette in the face. The General went down like Dante when Francesca's story smote him.

He was up in a moment with Quentin at his side, and a little crowd round him. Charette was pale with passion, but much calmer now than before, and he talked to Quentin with fierce subdued eagerness. General Macan abruptly threw his arm under Tyrone's to lead him away.

"Oh, by the immortal Jupiter!" he ex-

claimed, "this sort of thing will never do. We'll be having a free fight here if this goes on any further. It's a pity you lost your temper, Colonel Tyrone; but I confess the General was a little too cheeky for the patience of an Irishman. He's a vindictive devil, too, that same Charette, and there wont be much good come of this. I suppose there's no chance of your apologizing?"

"To him—to that insolent scoundrel?"

"Oh, by the Lord Harry, come away, do."

"I ought to apologize to you, Macan," Tyrone said, good-humouredly, "for getting into a quarrel here, and I owe an apology to myself for having made myself ridiculous."

"Well, as to that I don't know; it's the genius of an Irishman always to be making himself ridiculous. But I don't like this quarrel at all, and that's an odd thing, too, for people tell me I haven't much objection to quarrels as a rule. Come away, Colonel, it's all over—for the present."

Tyrone, escorted by Macan, went down stairs and quitted the Harp of Erin. All the tumult in the room he left was

now stilled. General Charette was pale and calm, and he still talked in an undertone with Colonel Quentin.

Tyrone jumped into the cab which was waiting, and drove away.

General Macan returned slowly to the committee-room, whistling meditatively. When he entered, he took Quentin aside.

"This is a bad business, Phil! I wonder if the Head Centre could do anything?"

"The Centre of Gravity," said Quentin, "couldn't do anything with our friend yonder. He says he will kill Tyrone, or Tyrone shall kill him. I think he means it, too."

"It's been a muddle," Macan observed, with a shake of the head, "an awful muddle."

"I don't think so."

"Well, there's this row,—and then he'll never go with us anyhow."

"Tyrone?"

Macan nodded assent.

"I tell you he shall; and he will easily enough, if you only play your cards well."

"I don't see it, Phil."

"Don't you? *I* do."

"Let's have some champagne," Macan said, "anyhow; I want a drink. I'll stand —it's hard if the St. Dermod Sick and Burial Society can't afford a drink all round. How many of us are here? Eight, nine, ten. Never mind. I'll pay for all. Give a pull to that bell, Phil, and then we'll have a talk about business."

CHAPTER II.

It would not be easy to overrate the disagreeable nature of the reflections with which Tyrone awoke the next morning. The manner in which he had been drawn into a knowledge of the Fenian plot greatly embarrassed him. To allow the thing to go on would, in all probability, only end in a miserable little abortive outbreak—and yet how to stop it in time?

An English reader will say at once that Tyrone's course was clear. He was a member of Parliament, and had vowed allegiance to the Sovereign of Great Britain. He had no right to become a party to the concealment of a treasonable plan. He was bound to reveal the whole affair.

But the English reader must be asked to endeavour to look at all this from Tyrone's point of view. He came of a race in whose annals rebellion against England

had been always esteemed a sacred duty. He was himself entirely opposed to all such projects; partly because he believed them utterly hopeless, but also, in a great measure, because he was honestly convinced that the great mass of Englishmen, including even most of the governing classes, were now anxious to deal justly with Ireland. Still, an Irish scheme of rebellion did not appear to him unnatural, or necessarily criminal. It was an enterprise of which he disapproved on every ground, but he could not pretend to any instinctive and loyal horror of it. On the other hand, the idea of turning over Irish rebels to English police was repugnant to every feeling of his whole soul. Even when he said to himself that for the dear sake of Ireland, for the sake of the very Irishmen concerned in this affair, it would be wise and well to destroy it by premature disclosure, his nature revolted against the thought.

More than that, he could not disguise from himself that he must have been, unconsciously and innocently, the means of fostering the delusion under which some of these men were acting. His humbler countrymen, especially across the Atlantic, evi-

dently misunderstood his attitude in Parliament, and looked to him as a natural leader of rebellion. He remembered with a certain pang how thoughtlessly he had accepted the part of Irish chieftain, revived and adapted to modern usage; and he felt as if he was a sharer in the folly and the wrong of those very enterprises which now shocked him with their rashness and their barren danger.

The best thing he could think of, at least for the present, and as a first resource, was to endeavour to persuade Macan and Quentin of the madness of the enterprise. He had heard, too, of a mysterious Head Centre, a sort of hidden Mikado of Fenianism. He would endeavour to see this man, and to convince him.

These thoughts were complicated now with the unpleasant recollections of his unlucky quarrel with the Frenchman, Charette, whose eternal enmity he had of course incurred; and then his own personal embarrassments were daily growing greater and greater.

Tyrone usually breakfasted at his lodgings and then went to his club. He was just about to go out this morning, when a

card was brought to him from Colonel Quentin. On the whole, he was glad to have a chance of speaking to Quentin at once, for though he rather disliked the man, yet he saw that there was some sense and capacity in him.

Colonel Quentin entered, elegantly dressed in black frock coat, fawn-coloured trousers, and lavender gloves, with a superb camellia in his button-hole. Tyrone received him with a civility perhaps less cold than usual.

"I have come on unpleasant business, Mr. Tyrone," Quentin said, in his clear, somewhat sharp voice; "a kind of mission I would gladly have declined. But it was pressed on me by my friend General Charette."

Tyrone could not help looking up with a surprised expression.

"I see you anticipate my business already, and I'm very glad of it, for it relieves me from the necessity of much explanation."

"Still, if you please, Colonel Quentin, we'll have a little explanation."

"If you wish it, certainly. My friend General Charette feels deeply insulted and aggrieved by your action last night. You

are not surprised at that, Mr. Tyrone, I am sure."

"Your friend, if he is so, Colonel Quentin, was grossly and purposely insolent; and when men are so, they generally get beaten, don't they? I confess I am very sorry——"

"I don't know," Quentin said, with studied slowness, "I don't know, Mr. Tyrone, whether it is fair to you to allow you to go on. Excuse the interruption, but I really don't think it would be handsome in me to allow you to go on."

Tyrone generally encountered what seemed to him rudeness by a little extra politeness, and thus rebuked it. When Quentin interrupted him, he bowed and listened in perfect silence.

"Because, Mr. Tyrone, I fear General Charette thinks the thing went too far to admit of apology now."

Tyrone smiled slightly.

"If you will do me the favour to listen, Colonel Quentin, you will find that the question is not likely to arise. I was going to say that I am sorry, indeed very sorry, for having allowed myself to be drawn into any sort of quarrel with a person

of that stamp. The man you call General Charette is only, I presume, a better sort of brigand."

"Pardon me. He really does or did hold a commission from the military authorities of the United States."

"Indeed? I am sorry to hear it. Well, Colonel Quentin?"

"Well, sir, General Charette insists on having proper satisfaction rendered to him."

"A duel, Colonel Quentin?"

"I reckon it does amount to that, sir," Colonel Quentin answered, gravely.

"People don't fight duels in England now, Colonel Quentin," said Tyrone, with a smile. "They are rather out of fashion. They are—I was going to say, an impossibility here—at all events, they would be considered an absurd anachronism."

"So I am told, sir. But General Charette does not consider that he is bound to adopt the English fashion, and submit to an insult."

"Your friend does not know what he is asking for," said Tyrone, still with a smile, which he could not repress. "He is asking me to make myself ridiculous. Do you

know, Colonel Quentin, that if I were to comply with his wishes, I should be the laughing-stock of London? Even if I were fortunate enough to be killed, not death itself could make the thing serious enough to save me from an epitaph of public ridicule. I should be buried with all the honours due to a wild Irishman."

"My friend knows England, Mr. Tyrone, and was not unprepared for this view of the question. But he thinks—and you will allow me to say that I think too—you had no right to inflict an intolerable insult upon a stranger, and then shelter yourself behind the usages of English society to deny him satisfaction."

"But it was your friend who gave the first insult. Could you, Colonel Quentin, have borne such insolence?"

"Well, sir, I don't say that I could. But then I should have been ready to see the thing out. I am a Virginian, Mr. Tyrone, and we haven't yet, thank God, wholly lost the ways of manhood down in Dixie! If a man doesn't mean fighting, he ought to keep to words. If duels are out of fashion in England, blows ought to be! You might have answered him with, 'You are

another!'" Quentin said with his peculiar smile.

Tyrone rose and walked uneasily up and down the room. There was a stern logic in all this, undoubtedly; and he was an Irishman, and had been brought up in France, and had actually, in his wilder days, fought a duel in the woods at Vincennes. But he positively shrank from the outburst of ridicule and contempt which a duel would bring upon him now in England. Let us do him justice, too. He thought of the ridicule and obloquy and misunderstanding that his action would bring upon his country. "Those Irish can never be civilized." It was characteristic of him that he had not yet remembered that, supposing he survived the duel and faced down the ridicule, the amusement would cost him, under the terms of the American will, some hundred thousand pounds.

Colonel Quentin sat patiently waiting. No quiver of emotion showed the personal and profound interest he felt in the matter.

Tyrone stopped suddenly.

"Colonel Quentin," he said, "you are a

professional soldier, and, I have no doubt, a gentleman. I will speak with you frankly. For my own life in this sort of thing I don't care three straws. Neither do I care how my reputation as a man of some courage may suffer in the estimation of your principal. I come of a country and a family which, God knows, have always loved fighting only too well, and my own character has, up to this, been marked, I am afraid, by recklessness rather than discretion. I don't care about that. But I tell you openly that I am very anxious not to bring public ridicule and contempt upon myself just at present. I think I can be of some service, perhaps, to Ireland, if only I can contrive to get some credit in the English public mind as a man of fair judgment and steady conduct. I want to retrieve myself in the world's opinion, not for my own sake. If I fight your friend, and the thing gets known — as it must get known—I shall be looked on merely as a hair-brained fool — one other evidence of the hopeless character of the Irishman."

"I don't see how this could be expected to influence General Charette," said Quentin, shaking his head. "This was all a very

good reason for not getting into a quarrel; but it's hardly an excuse for refusing to bear your part in it when you are in. It wont wipe the shame of your blow off Charette's face, I guess, Mr. Tyrone."

"There's hardly any man in this country, Colonel Quentin, who would not in my place simply laugh at your proposal, and tell your friend that the kind of satisfaction you look for is as ridiculously obsolete in England as the ordeal by fire. Suppose I take this course, what then?"

"I can't suppose it. You are not English, but Irish."

"But still——"

"Then General Charette says he can have no alternative but to insult you grossly in every public place where he can meet you, and to brand the name of Tyrone—for the first time in its history, I guess, as that of——"

"Stop, sir," Tyrone exclaimed, breaking out of all self-control. "Don't venture to say a word further. Tell your friend that he shall have his wish. Make the arrangements for this foolery as quickly as possible, the sooner the better; and, for Heaven's sake, as secretly as can be."

"We thought of the French coast, somewhere between Calais and Boulogne."

"Anywhere; only let me know in time."

"And your second, Mr. Tyrone?"

"Second? Oh, confound it, must we have the mummery in all due form? Very well; let it be so. I can think of no one better suited than your friend, Macan. I haven't seen him, of course, but I dare say he will act for me, and that, at least, will keep the idiocy from having outsiders for witnesses. Pray forgive me, Colonel Quentin, if I showed a little bad temper. You can have no idea of how society views this sort of thing in England."

"I dare say not," Quentin replied, contemptuously, "although I've been in New England, and I know what they think of man's honour in the nursery of woman's rights!"

Then Tyrone added, suddenly remembering the American will, and completely resuming his habitual sweetness of temper, now that the thing was settled and inevitable, "You probably don't know, Colonel Quentin, what an expensive amusement this is to which you are inviting me. Cleopatra's most extravagant banquet, dissolved pearls

and all, never cost her a tenth of the amount. If you were my next of kin, you might have reason to grieve over the warlike propensities of your friend! Well, let us dismiss the matter for the present. Will you have a cigar? I think you'll find these pretty good."

"Thanks. Yes, this is good. Obliged to you, Mr. Tyrone, for your courtesy, every way. I'll see Macan at once, and I think we shall be able to report the arrangements all made this evening. By the way, your weapons? You are the challenged?"

Tyrone felt tempted, in his contempt and detestation of the whole affair, to suggest battle-axes, or two-handed swords. But he only said, "I'll keep to the old lines of the constitution, Colonel Quentin. People fought with pistols in Ireland when they did fight. Let it be pistols now for me."

Soon after the meeting just described, Colonel Quentin lounged into General Macan's room at the Langham. Macan was late, as usual, and was breakfasting in his bedroom, and finishing his toilette the while. His breakfast consisted of devilled kidneys, poached eggs, fried ham, and a

more than liberal allowance of seltzer water and brandy. At intervals the gallant General smoked a cigar—or, rather, it should be said that he smoked a cigar, and at intervals applied himself, with vigorous efforts, to his breakfast.

"It's all right," Quentin said, carelessly.

"All right, is it? All wrong, I suspect!"

"Wrong or right, he'll fight."

"I thought as much—I knew you'd talk him into it. The old Irish blood. I don't like this, Phil."

"Things don't always shape themselves to suit our likings. We could hardly expect Charette to bear such an insult to please us."

"To please *us!* I'm thinking that it would give you little pleasure, Phil, if he didn't fight. What's your game in this? Is it the old jealousy, or what is it? Do you want to put Tyrone in the front of the fight, as King Solomon—wasn't it—put the other fellow—because of the woman? Is it our handsome Southern friend with the fine eyes that's at the bottom of all this? Oh, bedad! the petticoat is the source of all trouble just now, as well as in the days when

old King Solomon spotted Bath—— What's her name?"

"You are wrong in three instances, Macan," said Quentin, lighting a cigar.

"Three instances! How is that, now? Wont you have some brandy and seltzer?"

"No; thanks. First, it was not King Solomon; next, I am not putting Tyrone in the front of the fight; third, I am not in the least degree jealous of Tyrone, but, on the contrary, should be delighted to act as his best man, or to give the bride away at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to-morrow morning."

"Then what is your motive for driving on this fight? You have some motive in it—that's certain."

"Here comes Charette," Quentin said, as a quick tread was heard in the corridor. A tap at the door was answered by Macan, who opened it, and admitted General Charette.

Charette wore a blue frock coat as tight in the waist as though he had stays on; and, indeed, his prominent chest gave him somewhat the appearance, on a large scale, of one of the young ladies who dress up as

princes or military officers in some of our burlesques. He had a white waistcoat, a pink tie, grey trousers, and varnished boots. The swelling bust and the slender waist gave him, at the first glance, an epicene, grotesque, and almost ludicrous appearance. But the broad, receding forehead, the large, slightly-flattened nose, and the flashing grey eyes, under the thick reddish eyebrows, removed any thought of the ridiculous. Any one might read there a history of restless and insatiable daring, self-sufficiency, and ferocity.

"I give you good morning, gentlemen," he said, in excellent English, with an odd little touch of French-American accent. "Have we news of Mr. Tyrone?"

"It's all right," said Quentin; "he'll meet you."

"Where, and when?"

"That we may arrange. He'll come anywhere, and at any time."

"Content! And his witness—his second?"

"To be sure—yes! I quite forgot, Macan, to say that he expects you to act as his second."

"Of course I will. I'm proud to be his

second. Where should a Macan be but standing by the side of one of the real old bully-boy princes of Ireland?"

"I don't understand you gentlemen Irish Revolutionists, with your imaginary princes and your loyal sentiments," General Charette observed, leaning one arm on the chimney-piece, and tapping his boot with a silver-headed cane.

"Of course you don't understand us. How could you be expected to understand us?"

"But if you are for the revolution, why do you rhapsodize about your princes?"

"Why not, man? Didn't you ever read George Gordon, Lord Byron? and doesn't he tell how the Greeks liked to have their own countrymen for their masters, anyhow?"

"Republicanism has no masters."

"Only mistresses, maybe! Well, there's Republicans and Republicans, you see. I often think the Irish breed and your Continental breed don't pull naturally together in harness. I don't know that there isn't some truth in that notion of Tyrone's—that Irishmen ought to run their own revolution

for themselves, without bothering with any foreign help."

"Not even American?" Charette asked with a smile.

"America isn't foreign, Charette, my bold soldier boy! America's a greater Ireland over the water, sir. Here's to the Star-spangled Banner, waving, by the immortal Jupiter, from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus of Panama!"

"Well, I rejoice, myself, to hear that your young Irish prince has the courage of his insolence. Who succeeds to the princely title if—if there should come a vacuity—or a vacancy, or what is it?"

"No fear of that, Charette! I don't want to discourage you, but I shouldn't wonder if it was quite another pair of shoes. Tyrone's an awful good hand with the rifle and the pistol, I'm told; and I take it you're not much at that sort of work. Excuse me, but no true Frenchman ever was, you know. 'Tisn't your fault, man; and it's no offence to your country—God bless her! Every one to his trade. The sword's your weapon."

Charette looked angry, but made no direct reply.

"I have no fear," he said, contemptuously.

"Never supposed you had, old boy."

"And I will kill your Prince Tyrone if I can."

"Don't doubt you. I'm sorry for the whole affair. I've been partly the cause of it all, by bringing him there. Do you know, Charette, if anything should happen to Tyrone, I think you and I must have it out. The lad's blood would be on my head if I didn't have revenge for him."

Charette was about to render back some quick and angry answer, when Quentin interposed.

"One affair at a time, gentlemen, if you please; and besides, hawks really should not pick hawks' eyes out. You are wrong, Macan, in blaming Charette."

"Why did he call Tyrone a coward? Who did he think was going to stand that? Look here, Charette, let me give you a case in point. I got a ball in my shoulder on those blessed heights of Fredericksburg. I knew I must soon drop, and so I quietly began walking to the rear, saying nothing to nobody. Down below, whom do I meet, sir, but my own Colonel—I was only a

Lieutenant then. 'Where are you going, Lieutenant?' says he. 'To the rear,' says I. 'Why the blazes don't you fight the enemy?' he roars, not seeing that I was hit. 'Because I can't, bedad,' says I. 'You're a coward!' says he. 'Twas my right shoulder had the ball in it. I out with my left fist, quick as a flash, and hit him right between the eyes. If I didn't, call me a New Jersey man—and my own commanding officer too. Deuce a care I cared—if 'twas General Burnside himself said *that* to me, I'd have just done the same thing."

"It's quite true," Quentin said, in answer to Charette's look of wonder; "I saw it. I think I am the only living man that did."

"Struck his Colonel, and in front of the enemy! But how did you escape the court-martial and the file of soldiers next morning—the volley and the fosse?"

Macan laughed.

"Bedad, then, the drollest piece of good luck ever you heard in all your life! Down he went—oh! just as you went down when Tyrone went for you. Up he jumped, all red and purple, and foaming at the mouth. Just at that moment there comes a shell;

killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar, and saved me. Wasn't that providential? and don't I bear a charmed life, sir—like Macbeth?

'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,'"

and Macan broke off into a burst of Dibdin.

"But that is extraordinary."

"It's true, all the same," said Quentin. "The children of the devil——"

"Are wiser than the children of light," said Macan, piously, and slightly confusing matters. "But the fun of it was, that I wasn't wise there, for I didn't know a bit about it until that evening. The moment I hit out I fell down—exhausted nature and the bullet in my shoulder—and I just fainted, for all the world like a school-girl. I came to in the hospital tent, and I didn't know, until Phil, there, told me of it, that night, that some kind-hearted shell from the rebels had saved me to fight another day. So take the warning, Charette, my Napoleonic hero, and remember that in me you carry Cæsar and his fortunes."

"Had we not better arrange at once for this meeting—since it must be?" Quentin suggested.

"I suppose we had," Macan replied, with a rueful look; "but I don't like it. I'm getting old, I suppose; for I don't ever remember before to have felt uneasy about going into a fight; and I don't like this."

"Your prince is in danger," Charette sneered.

"Devil a bit, sir!" replied the somewhat inconsistent Macan. "There isn't a Frenchman born, sir, that could kill the heir of the Tyrones!"

It required every effort of Colonel Quentin's decisiveness and coolness to keep this uncongenial pair of conspirators from plunging into an extemporaneous quarrel on their own account. Macan seemed as if he were doing his best to provoke his colleague, and perhaps only the bitter, burning memory of Tyrone's blow could have enabled Charette to retain some control over his temper. There did not appear much danger to Saxon rule from such an *entente cordiale.*

CHAPTER III.

TYRONE surely had his hands, head, and heart full of business for the next day or two. The moment Quentin had gone, he stood up, and strode up and down the room hurriedly, as a man does when he has so much to do that he hardly knows where to begin, just as we see a pigeon hover vaguely in the air for a moment or two with idly-beating wings, before it quite settles in its own mind which way to go. He resolved at all events to get out of the house as quickly as possible, and thus not merely avoid all visitors, but escape the chance of any inquiries on the part of the faithful Johanna, whose friendly interest in his affairs would be particularly inconvenient at the present moment.

Madame Pinel's sitting-room was a little back room on the ground floor, with its door hidden away at the end of the pas-

sage, and covered or protected by the stairs. As Tyrone was passing out he heard an odd murmuring or moaning sound coming from this room, and glancing involuntarily back he saw that the door was open, and that the little girl he had brought for shelter there was seated on the carpet, murmuring to herself some faint little song. She was a wonderfully quiet and obedient child, on whom suffering and poverty had set a premature stamp of passiveness and patience. When bidden by her mother to go with Tyrone, she had gone without a murmur. She would sit with Madame Pinel, and talk with her all day long, and Johanna was gentle and tender with her, but she seemed rather to shrink from the noisy and healthy children, and did not care to play with them in their high and remote nursery, or to walk with them and their nurse in the neighbouring park. She was a blue-eyed and yellow-haired little maid, and Johanna declared that the truth of her mother's story was written on her face—"a Tyrone all over."

Tyrone went into the little parlour and spoke to the child, whose quiet face grew bright to see him. "Are mamma and papa

coming soon?" she asked. It was curious to observe how—perhaps in obedience to some caution from her mother—she never would say a word of papa and mamma to any one but him.

"I hope so."

"Papa will soon be quite well?" she asked, looking up wistfully.

"He will soon be quite well," Tyrone replied, and was glad then to get away, after asking the child a commonplace question or two, where Madame Pinel was, and so forth.

For he was then going, first of all, to see the child's father, who would soon indeed be well—quite well. Tyrone had gone every day, and now all would soon be over. He had gone, and Madame Pinel had gone. With great difficulty his cousin's wife had been prevailed on to receive Johanna, and they had a doctor, and nourishment, and everything—— too late. Indeed, the physicians assured Tyrone that the patient had long been a doomed man, that disease had sentenced him to death, even if poverty and over-work and excitement had not come to its aid. They were all only waiting now for the inevitable end. An almost

profound composure had settled down upon the unfortunate wife of the dying man. She was cool and calm in demeanour as a hospital nurse.

Tyrone as yet knew hardly anything more of her story than he did at first, except that she had shown him several old letters addressed by her husband's father to the man now fading—letters at which Tyrone barely glanced, having indeed no doubt of the truth of what she told him. He had asked her no questions. Once she said, "I'll tell you all—everything—some other time — when — when—" And he stopped her from trying to go any further, and was content to wait. The patient had never been conscious since Tyrone came near him, and so the promise to take care of his child could not be made. The man —the other Maurice Tyrone—lay there in the most strange and touching state of feeble unconsciousness. He could hardly be said to rave, he only talked in a low tone of "Margaretta," his wife, of "Mattie," the child, and of places far away.

"He will last out this day, perhaps even to-morrow," said the doctor to Tyrone, who met him just at the door this morning.

Let it be said that the whole event had done something to thin the remains of the crisp bank-notes which Tyrone had drawn from Mr. Aspar.

Tyrone remained for a while with the wife. "I may not be able to come to-morrow," he said, "perhaps not even the next day," and an odd sensation passed through him as he reflected that he might perhaps never come at all; that the Tyrone lying there unconsciously awaiting his approaching death, might outlive the Tyrone who stood up, young, strong, and glowing with life by the bedside; "but Madame Pinel will come."

"There is nothing to be done; you have been better than I thought any one on earth can be. We have only to wait!"

Tyrone came out into the open air as one might come from a vault. To see the free light was in itself like the sense of a relief from oppression and pain. Then he called a hansom—he never could remember to be economic in the matter of hansoms—and drove to the Waterloo railway station. For he was determined to go to the cottage on the Surrey common and see Jennie. He thought he ought to go in any case,

having heard last night that her father was ill; and though of course he could have formally inquired after Mr. Aspar's condition at the Strand office, yet that formality would show but a poor and lukewarm interest. Besides, he thought to himself, "I may be killed to-morrow, and then what matter can it make?"

From this last observation it will be seen that our hero was excusing himself in his own mind for his purpose of visiting Jennie Aspar. So he was. He knew he was going out to Surrey to see the girl; he felt an uneasy conviction that he ought not to go, and he excused himself by saying that perhaps Charette's bullet to-morrow or next day might render further visits impossible. For the hour that he spent with Jennie by the little lake had been so delightful, that it had compelled him, amid whatever distractions, to think it over and over, and ask himself the source of his new and strange enjoyment. That first visit was but right and proper, and his meeting with her was accidental; and he had determined in any case, that after what had passed at Greenwich, he would not allow her (or anybody, he said, but he thought

particularly about her,) to suppose that he was going to marry Mrs. Lorn—hunting after Mrs. Lorn's fortune. But now that that was done, and he had set himself right in Jennie's eyes, he thought he ought not to go again; and yet he craved with inexplicable longing to see her again. "Am I falling in love with Aspar's daughter?" he put the question point-blank to himself; "Aspar, the money-lender? Am I falling in love with a pretty child, hardly beyond the years of a school-girl? If so, it wanted only that. Absurd! there can be nothing of the kind. I like Jennie Aspar, she is so fresh and innocent, so utterly unlike the women one meets in society. If I had a sister, that is just the sort of girl I should wish to hear calling me brother. No, there's nothing in it; she is too young and innocent, she never thinks of anything of the kind; the idea is absurd on my part; why should I not go? I may never see her again."

Tyrone had a great deal of pride, and a good deal of vanity, but both were traditional and ancestral rather than personal. He was weak on the point of his descent, of his cause and his chieftainship, but he

was singularly devoid of mere self-conceit. He had none of that sort of feeling which sets young men fancying that every woman must needs fall in love with them. If, therefore, he thought he ought not to go out again to see Jennie Aspar, it was on his own account and not on hers, and this not selfishly but honestly; for it seemed a mean sort of thing thus to seek the society of a girl whose father one would not receive as an equal; it seemed dangerous to one's self to go too near a pretty girl whom one could not well think of marrying; but it never occurred to him that it was quite likely Jennie might fall in love with him and be made miserable. Perhaps if he had thought that Jennie's heart was in danger he might have held back and not gone. Or perhaps not! Perhaps his pangs of conscience might have been ever so much keener, and yet his eagerness to go only still more intense. Anyhow, he said to himself, now that the day after to-morrow might end the whole thing, there could be no harm in his seeing her once more.

What a wretched thing is any manner of small deceit to a nature quite unused to it!

Tyrone had all his life followed openly his own whims and humours whither they led him. He felt somehow ashamed of himself and almost timid as he got out of the train and skirted the Common to make a civil inquiry about the health of Mr. Aspar.

The maid who opened the gate told him Mr. Aspar had been poorly in the night, but was better that morning, and had gone to town. The young ladies were not at home. Miss Alicia had gone into town—to Denzill Street—Miss Jennie had gone for a walk only. Both would be home to dinner, and Mr. Aspar too.

Tyrone left his card, and turned away, feeling rather more ashamed of himself than before; for the little social hypocrisy had been all for nothing.

He lounged slowly and idly on the Common, and took out his watch. "No train to town for three-quarters of an hour, and I have so many things to put in order, and letters to write."

A sudden strong gleam of purpose came to his relief. He turned his back on the railway station and the tall Victoria Tower rising on the far edge of the landscape, and

bulking dimly out of a grey-purple haze; he directed his steps towards the little lake, thinking he should like at least to look on that again; thinking perhaps that—who shall say? The day was warm but obscure; perhaps a thunderstorm hung in those low, heavy clouds that darkened the horizon before him. The gorse, the grass, the brambles, stood out with a wonderful clearness in the sombre atmosphere. Tyrone looked at the whole scene, the trees, the grass, the sky, with the half melancholy interest of one who feels that he has neglected to do reverence to the beauty of nature so long that perhaps repentance comes too late.

The lake or pool lay in a little hollow beneath the breasts of the gentle ascents one of which Tyrone was now mounting. He could already see the branches of the lonely Scotch fir which stood upon the islet. Presently he reached the height, and saw the lakelet and the tiny island, and there, seated on the grass, at the verge of the pool, her head supported on her hand, her side-face turned to him, was Jennie Aspar. The expression of her face, with its large motionless eyes fixed on

vacancy, with the lips closely set, and the chin leaning on the small, white, ungloved hand, was one of profound melancholy. Perhaps the melancholy was deepened in its effect by the slender and child-like appearance of the figure and the face.

Tyrone stood for a moment and gazed full of admiration and sympathy at that exquisite impersonation of youth and purity and sadness, set in the framework of that lonely and beautiful landscape. An unspeakable sense of exaltation seemed to fill his soul, and bear it away from himself and his own thoughts and purposes. A few lines of Heine's, unseen and unremembered for years, flashed upon his mind, and fixed themselves there, to be for ever identified with the memory of that place, that hour, and that figure.

> " Ein Mädchen sitzt
> Den Kopf auf den Arm gestützt
> Wie ein armes vergessenes Kind—
> Und ich kenne dich, armes, vergessenes Kind!"

He did not stop long to gaze, however, but went down the steps towards her, and the sound of his tread aroused her and made her look round. A change came

over her face, as sudden as that which a voyager sees on mid-ocean in early morning, when suddenly, on the livid purple of the horizon, the sun seems to shoot up above the sea-line, and floods the sky with light. A deep blush came glowing into Jennie's face, the red colour mantled over her: she had to turn away for a moment to hide her face. Then she rose lightly to her feet, and came, still blushingly and shame-faced, to meet Tyrone.

"I called at the house to ask about Mr. Aspar," he said, "and as you were not in, and nobody, I came this way. I thought you might be here," he added, frankly.

"It was so kind of you to come." She did not know what else to say, and was still fighting with her emotion.

"I saw you from a little distance, and you were looking very melancholy."

"I *was* very melancholy."

"But Mr. Aspar is much better?"

"Yes, he is much better, and perhaps it was nothing; but—I don't know why—I have been making myself miserable all the morning with wretched forebodings. The sky seems to be hung in black, somehow."

"It *is* hung in black, now," said Tyrone,

"and looks as if there were going to be a storm." He thought to turn her away from her reflections.

"Ah, but I don't mean that! Are there not some days when everything looks dark, and all the omens seem against you?"

Tyrone thought the present time looked very much of that kind for him. But he was resolved to be cheerful.

"Come, Miss Aspar, you are too much alarmed about your father. He cannot be seriously ill."

"I believe not—I hope not; but I feel so sad! No matter—it's nothing! It was very kind of you to come out here, and then to come to this place looking for me; and I don't mean to repay you by inflicting dismalness on you."

"But you couldn't repay me better than by showing yourself quite as your mood is, and treating me as a friend."

"I am sure you are a friend, Mr. Tyrone, and I don't think I have any other. But had we not better walk back? It grows darker, and seems likely to rain."

An embarrassment was evident in Jennie's manner, for she was thinking of her father, and that she was in a manner "breaking

his hest," as Miranda did, by thus remaining in talk with Tyrone. But Tyrone was not inclined to go back just yet. He felt a certain purity of happiness in her company, and he thought to himself, "Perhaps it is for the last time!" So he still detained her, not unwilling to be detained; and they sat upon the grass, and he beguiled her into talk, and she gradually brightened. It delighted him to watch her sparkling eyes, and to see the smile break upon her red lips, and to note how, as she changed her position, her pretty little foot would show itself beneath the skirt of her dress. There was something so fresh and unconscious in all her very movements, that it was a purifying pleasure even to look at her.

"How kind you are," she said, "to come here—out of the real world—and talk to me! I know you have remained here and set me talking purposely, because you thought I was miserable, and that it would do me good. And I *was* miserable, but I am not so now. But you—to come here—out of your real world!"

"Don't you know the delight it is to get out of that real world for a while?"

"No, I don't. My dream always is of

the real world, and I look on you with wonder, because you have come from it. We have only lived here in a sort of cage, hung up on a tree, out of the reach of realities. I used to long for the real world, but sometimes lately I have begun to think that when real life finds me—if it finds me—it may be a sadder thing than I expected. I have had bodings to-day of the real world, Mr. Tyrone."

"Tell me what they told you of."

"Vague things—disappointments and the vanishing of illusions, and hard struggles, and loneliness, and something terrible—like death! Oh, I wish my father had not kept us here caged away in such stupid and helpless ignorance! But I am not going to talk of that. What do you think of my real world? Is it like——"

"It oughtn't to be like your real world; although loneliness and disappointment are realities enough for most of us, and death. But what have you to do with that sort of thing? Your reality ought to be brightness, and hope, and——"

"Yes, and what?"

"And love, Miss Aspar."

The word came out involuntarily, and

Jennie's cheek burned; and Tyrone wished he had not spoken the word.

"See," she said, "how dark and darker it grows! and listen—thunder!"

"I must take you home," said Tyrone, springing to his feet. "Give me your arm."

He drew her arm within his, and they hastened across the common. He had longed more than once to ask her if her real world should need a friend to think of him. But he remembered his helplessness and his present danger; he thought of what a day or two might bring. A whimsical memory came over him of Don Cæsar de Bazan and his love-plight just before his expected execution, and his vow, "The rest of my existence" (presumed to be some half-hour) "I devote to thee!" So Tyrone made no offer of friendship, and would not yet admit of any other feeling while things seemed so desperate. But he could feel the throbbings of *her* heart as they hurried along, the thunder now crashing, the lightning blazing around them, the rain beating into their faces, and he was conscious of a longing that if he were to die she might remember him.

When they reached the gate of Jennie's home they were both drenched with rain. But Tyrone would not stay, or enter; he pressed her hand and hurried away. He hardly heeded the rain which beat upon him as he strode towards the railway station. When he reached his lodgings he found a note from Macan to inform him that they two were to cross to Calais, while Quentin and Charette were to go to Boulogne, the evening of the next day.

That same day, while Tyrone and Jennie were hurrying through the storm, a grim piece of Fate-work was enacted in the shop where Mr. Joseph Aspar had his collection of art treasures and curiosities. Mr. Aspar had come to the place from his Surrey cottage rather late, and alarmed the faithful Carpenter very much by his haggard looks and wild demeanour.

"Look here, Carpenter," he whispered, with a scared face, "I've seen him. I've consulted Dr. Plymley, and I'm marked out for death! He says I may live a year—if I keep my mind in perfect repose! Repose, Carpenter; and I'm ruined! And my little girls: my Jennie! They have nothing—nothing—nothing! Everything here is

mortgaged, and the money is gone. Look here! I'm not a robber. I'm an honest man, Carpenter, as you know. There's a letter for Mr. Tyrone—it's an acknowledgment of the money I have belonging to him. Give him that if he comes while I am out to-day. But if anything should happen—anything, you know what—then you'll find seven hundred pounds in my little leather writing-case at home—I put it there to have *it* safe any way, for I'm not a swindler—and be sure you give it to——"

His face writhed in a sudden convulsion.

"Air, Carpenter, air! Open that window; no, help me to the door. I can walk—I'm not dying yet!"

Then he gasped, stretched his hands wildly out, like a man groping in the dark. Carpenter caught him as he wasab out to fall.

"I'm dying, Carpenter! Jennie!"

He screamed her name with all his last strength forced into one spasmodic cry, and then all was at an end. He might have lived a year if he could but have kept his mind in repose! That "if" was his sentence of death.

This scene took place in a little office screened away at the back of the great shop —a little den which Mr. Aspar rarely occupied, but into which he had hurried that day, dreading to attempt the flight of stairs. Carpenter and one or two clerks brought him towards the air, not yet knowing that all was over. They laid him on a Louis Quatorze sofa. Immediately above the sofa a fine copy of one of Hogarth's pictures smiled in its broad and robust humour. Near the head of the sofa the Florentine Venus stood in her serene self-consciousness. Between the two intervened the Egyptian Sphinx. Such were the companions of the dead man. Humour completed the ghastliness of the sight; the presence of immortal beauty made more hideous the horror of distorted humanity; and the Mystery of the Ages seemed to gaze in wonder on that oldest of all mysteries, Death!

Next day Tyrone, preparing to leave England on his mission of anachronism, passed the shop and saw the shutters up. He went in, wondering and alarmed, and found Carpenter there, and learned all. Tyrone was deeply shocked and grieved.

He forgot all about his own affairs for the moment in the thought of Jennie's loss. Then he learned for the first time that Mr. Aspar had lost and muddled his money away in vain efforts to grow rich that his daughters might be ladies of fortune, and in heaping them meanwhile with useless luxuries, as if they were already such. He learned that every article of property in the shop and the cottage was pawned for debt, and that those and the insurance on Mr. Aspar's life would clear off the liabilities, and leave the daughters nothing but the clothes they wore.

"How did the girls bear it?"

"It was strange," Carpenter said. "Miss Jennie bore up much the best, although, perhaps, she felt it the most. She didn't cry so much. She went about the house, and tried to arrange things. Miss Alicia was quite broken down. She did nothing but cry, and was like one out of her mind."

"Do they know all? Do they know that they have been left nothing?"

"Miss Jennie does: she began to suspect how things were, lately, sir. She hasn't told Miss Alicia anything yet."

"And they have really nothing? no property, no money?"

"Nothing, I may say, sir. We have found in his desk seven hundred pounds in notes. He told me the day he died—just before his death—that the money was there, and he was going to tell me whom it was for when——" and Carpenter broke down.

Now, Carpenter had little doubt that this money was Tyrone's. Neither had Tyrone. The men avoided each other's eyes. Both were meditating a fraud.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir!" said Carpenter, "my poor master! he did leave *that* for you, sir, yesterday, but I quite forgot."

And he handed Tyrone the letter addressed to him. He felt sure that letter contained an acknowledgment of the money.

So it did. Tyrone read it, avoiding Carpenter's eye. Then he said, in a rather constrained voice—

"Poor fellow! he was trying to settle some affairs for me, Carpenter, and he was attentive to the very last. I owe him much gratitude for his kindness; I only wish I could do anything to repay it. My cigar is out, and I have a wretched habit, Car-

penter—I must smoke when anything troubles me."

There was a little jet of gas always burning in the back room where this conversation went on. Tyrone folded the letter he held into a narrow strip, and lighted it at the flame. He lit his cigar, and then watched the paper as it burned down; when the flame came near his hand, he let the paper fall, and saw it burn into black ashes on the ground.

"And all the young ladies have," he said, "is that miserable seven hundred pounds?"

"That's all, sir—if they have that. I suppose it was put there for them."

"Of course it was—what else could it be?"

"If nobody comes to claim it——"

"Yes, yes—to be sure! But nobody will, you may depend upon it. It was for *them*."

For a moment the two men looked at each other. They knew that they were parties to a fraud.

"I have to leave town this evening for a few days," said Tyrone, hastily. "I hope I may be allowed to visit the young ladies

when I come back." He said to himself, "Perhaps the better word would be, if I come back."

An unconquerable instinct or impulse compelled Carpenter to put out his hand. Tyrone gave it a frank and manly grip, and the two conspirators understood each other. There were tears in the elderly man's eyes; he winked and blinked in the sunshine as he stood at the door, and looked after Tyrone, who hurried away.

Tyrone went on with a heavy heart and a remarkably light purse. He had, as we know, drawn three hundred pounds from Mr. Aspar a few days before, and the remains of this sum was now all his stock in hand. But he was not thinking about that; nor was he thinking now of the expedition he had to take. Its danger in nowise affected him. Tyrone had that vigorous, vital nature which makes men sceptical of death. Although he had mentally corrected himself a few moments before when he spoke too confidently of his return, he had really no more faith in the possibility of his being killed than he had in the extinction of the world. Such courage as that is, of course, not the highest and most heroic. The

highest is that with which a commanding spirit conquers the frail physique which would tremble at danger, and the too impartial judgment which says, "I, too, am mortal, and my death will probably come of this." That highest courage was not Tyrone's. Not many very lofty qualities indeed were his. He was only a young man, with a generous heart, and a manly, sweet nature, spoiled much by circumstances and education, and now honestly trying to regenerate itself. He was not depressed on his own account now. He was thinking only of Jennie Aspar: of her youth, her beauty, her goodness, her grief, and his own miserable inability to serve her.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are quarters of London—chiefly, perhaps, in the West Central district—where many elements of the picturesque still abide, unnoticed by the careless eye, and absolutely invisible to any eye during the monotonous fogs and grey mists of winter. They are to be discerned at any time rather at the backs than at the fronts of houses. A new comer to one of these regions looks out of his window any day during winter, and sees only dreary little oblong patches of soil believed to be gardens beneath, and some tiles and chimneys weakly striving with the fog above. This is not enchanting, and he soon ceases to look at such sights at all. But the spring comes. It brightens and brightens, and our West Centralist sees with amazement a field of unexpected objects bursting into view. Yonder is a queer, red-tiled cottage, with a positive fruit

garden behind it, and with latticed windows in its roof. Hard by is the spire of an ancient church. There is a trim, neat-shaven garden, with girls playing croquet; here are tall, broad-spreading trees, with birds among the branches. A garret window is open not far off, and a boy stretching out claps his hands and sends a flight of pigeons streaming across the sky. Two or three gardens off there is a man in his shirt sleeves, with an axe in his hands, positively chopping at the limb of a tree. Close your eyes, and, what with the sound of the axe and the caw of the rooks and the cooing of the pigeons, you might fancy yourself in the greenwood. Even with your eyes wide open and staring, there are green leaves, red tiles, quaint old roofs, fantastic and ancient windows enough to fill the field of sight with the picturesque. But all this you never saw or suspected during the winter, for the good reason that the fogs of the commonplace winter covered it.

There are many human characters that are like those odd West Central landscapes, having a good deal of the picturesque amid commonplace surroundings, and concealed,

perhaps, for ever from the eyes of observers by the dull mists of a weary routine existence. Possibly the character of Jennie Aspar's father was one of these. It is not an unfitting repose, that which he takes now, as he lies dead beneath the marble goddess and the painted satire and the sphinx. Never man seemed more commonplace than he—in one sense, never man was naturally more commonplace. But his life had always had its goddess and its sphinx. He had lived, struggled, schemed, cajoled, and cringed for one purpose, and he died for it. The meanest of natures in many ways, he was almost sublime in his utter unselfishness. He had a sort of genius, too, in his idea of the way to do things—a sort of genius, only it did not succeed. He had loved his wife with an affection that had reverence in it. She had come down to his sphere like a goddess to a man, and she had always shown contentment there; never even implied, by a word or glance, that she had come down, and Mr. Aspar thought his life would have been well spent merely in adorning her life and making it rich in gifts. She died, and then his one object became the eleva-

tion of his daughters—of *her* daughters. To make them ladies he lived. He surrounded them with all manner of luxuries, that they might be used to such things when the crowning of his pains should come. He had them educated well, and made them understand all things that an English lady ought to be able to talk about. He secluded them away in Surrey that they might have no acquaintances but such as he could choose for them and bring to them. His grand idea was to make himself useful to young men of family, not as the vulgar money-lender does, but as a faithful and confidential friend might do. He had advanced large sums on a word of promise without a scrap of writing, and often without a penny of interest. Some of his clients wondered and were puzzled. Many supposed that he was "deep," and was making money out of them somehow. Others set him down as eccentric—a word which to certain minds explains everything sufficiently by declaring explanation impossible. Others thought he did all for the honour and pleasure of rubbing skirts with the aristocracy.

Mr. Aspar was very cautious about the

young men of family whom he brought to his house. His girls were too pretty to run any risks with. His general idea was to present to the mind of some generous young fellow this vision:—"Here is a lovely, educated, and pure girl, with all the manners of a lady; here is a father who does not pretend to the ways of society, but who has the soul of a gentleman; who was a friend, and more than a friend, to me in my difficulties, and who, evidently, would be quite willing to keep himself in the background. How could I do anything better than marry the girl?" The first step, the first girl married, would, Mr. Aspar felt convinced, settle all. The unmarried daughter would be taken under the shelter of the married "lady," and receive the benefit of her social position, while *he* would proudly and gladly efface himself altogether. He did not even ask the reward of seeing his daughters ladies. He only wanted to make them ladies; to know that it was so; that his task was accomplished.

When chance brought Tyrone in Aspar's way, the speculating father thought he saw peculiar hopes there. He did not think it likely the young man's affairs could be irre-

trievable—young men naturally are extravagant, even in their confessions of ruin: he had heard, too, something of the great expectations which overshadowed Tyrone's life. Now, this seemed a splendid chance. Tyrone was a man of undoubted position, and even with a kind of mythical family dignity, a sort of semi-fabulous royalty about him. His wife might go anywhere. Then, on the other hand, he was poor, and it was not likely that any daughter of the English aristocracy would be given to one who was poor and half a rebel. He was handsome, he was reputed to be generous; he might one day be rich. There was a time when Mr. Aspar would gladly have given his daughter to a man of family were he never so poor. But that time was when his own money-making was at its zenith, and that time had gone for ever. When Tyrone came to Mr. Aspar's house, the task of the latter had grown terribly severe, for he wanted rank and money too. That was a cruel bargain he had now to drive with fate. Who in England would give the old lamps of family and fortune for the new lamps of beauty and youth?

Mr. Aspar did not lay much account by

Tyrone's extravagance or the follies and even vices which were imputed to him; young men would be young men, he thought. There are no Josephs to be found among the youth of Belgravia. Indeed, perhaps, Madame Potiphar was not very good-looking. Dearly and devotedly as Mr. Aspar loved his daughter, yet he could not lift his soul out of its sphere, or contemplate marriage with any higher view than his clients in Belgravia assigned to it. A man amuses himself first, then he sows his wild oats and marries—that is all the natural sort of thing. He had seen many and many a marriage turn out to all appearance perfectly happy, the preliminaries of which he had himself helped to arrange, by advancing the money which was to pension off the favourite, who would thenceforth be superfluous if not inconvenient. Therefore, although he fully believed that Tyrone was guilty of follies infinitely worse than could fairly be laid to our hero's charge, Aspar cared little about that until he found that Tyrone's great expectations were so little worth. Then, when he found out all, a positive terror seized him. He trembled at the thought of a continued acquaintance

between this handsome, brilliant, reckless, ruined young man, and his romantic, eccentric little Jennie.

Meanwhile his affairs had gone steadily from bad to worse. Usually the money he advanced was made good to him, as debts of honour are paid. But one young man of high rank, who was within six months of accession to a magnificent fortune, died of dissipation prematurely, and left no acknowledgment of his debts, and Mr. Aspar lost all that money. Another turned out such an utter scapegrace that his father, still in the prime of life and not at all likely to die, renounced all communication with him, and the youth actually went into the Austrian service and was killed at Sadowa, Mr. Aspar's money perishing with him. Mr. Aspar then tried a speculation or two and failed; he mortgaged his shop, its contents, his Surrey cottage, everything he had in the world, to meet his liabilities. For this man who had been dealing with spendthrifts, and prodigals, and profligates all his life, was austerely honest.

Then he saw that his whole scheme was shattered into pieces. He had no longer any faint shade of a hope. He was only try-

ing to retreat; he was in constant agony lest the retreat itself should be a failure and a tragedy. His mind became haunted with unreasonable and morbid alarms, chiefly in connexion with Tyrone.

At last he consulted a physician, and found that he had for a long time been practically under sentence of death. With perfect quiet of mind he might yet live a year, he was told. He knew that his mind would never be at rest again while life remained to him, and in the spasmodic, despairing agony of the thought, he died.

The ruined man was laid in earth, and no one ever knew, save the faithful Carpenter, what the game of his life had been, and the forfeit; what he had lived for and died for. Not even the sad lustre of defeat hung over his obscure grave.

CHAPTER V.

Tyrone and Macan walked slowly along a patch of shore in the early dawn of a summer morning. The sky was grey as yet, and the water looked livid beneath it. There were no waves, but the whole volume of water seemed to pulsate, seemed to be lifted and withdrawn by profound alternate throbs, so that every other moment a heavy, solemn fall was heard upon the beach. The tide was nearly at the full.

The strip of beach along which they paced was enclosed within two outstretched arms of the clayey cliffs that rose high above them. It would not be easy to climb those heights. The soft and crumbling nature of the soil would have defied the craftiest cragsman. The whole coast here was lonely; the nearest village of any kind was two miles off. The place was nearly midway between Boulogne and Calais, and seated between

these two points of attraction to tourists was naturally almost as safe as a cottage which stands between two buildings provided with lightning conductors. But this little spot had another and a peculiar advantage for the purpose to which it was now turned. When the tide was full it was completely cut off from the shore beyond either arm of the hills which embraced it. The little patch of soil then resembled an arc, of which the high water line was the chord.

"They're late," said Macan, looking anxiously along the shore; "and that's a droll thing too! Fellows are generally in good time for devil's work like this. If it was to do a real service to anybody now, I shouldn't wonder, but this sort of thing—"

"We are idlers," Tyrone answered, carelessly, "and can afford to wait. They couldn't, I suppose, have missed the way?"

"Not a bit of it. Sure, 'twas Charette himself pointed out the place, because of its convenience. Once the tide comes in there'll be no getting at us, except in a boat. He says he's had more than one little affair here before. Bedad, Mr. Tyrone, I sometimes wish the devil had him! I think you're about right as to these foreign Red

Republicans. I don't know what business they have with us at all. What does Charette know or care about Ireland?"

"About, I suppose, as much as he knew of any other of the countries he has fought in—next to nothing. Poor Ireland! She only wanted that!"

"And yet now, do you know," Macan said, halting in his walk, and touching Tyrone on the elbow to induce him to face round—"do you know, Mr. Tyrone, there's something in what *he* says, too. You wont be angry? You wont take offence at what a blunt Irishman says, who never was much of a scholar, and isn't anything at all of a swell? I'm talking now to my Chief, he and I alone, and facing one another."

"Go on, General Macan, I am glad to hear anything you say."

"Well, then, I think it isn't any wonder we take up with foreigners when our own Chiefs desert us. 'Welcome trumpery for the want of company,' you know, says the old proverb. I think you ought to be with us! What do you want in the English House of Commons? Come and lead us! Think of the thousands—ah! the hundreds of thousands—that would rally at the name

of Maurice Tyrone, and have to be argufied, and talked, and bamboozled, by the immortal Jupiter, to follow Felix Macan. Wouldn't it be better for you anyhow—ay, and for your soul, too, if you care about *that*—to risk your life for your country than in blazing away at that red-headed devil, Charette?"

Tyrone shook his head.

"No, Macan! My own life is my own. If this fellow were to shoot me to-day, the world would have no loss. I don't know that the average of humanity would not even stand a trifle higher. But if I encourage a rebellion, and bring scores and hundreds of poor fellows to death, the curses of their widows would be on my head, and rightly——"

"Oh, come, be easy now——"

"Rightly. Their lives would be spent for nothing. I tell you, Macan, you don't understand the state of things. You are concocting in America only a gigantic farce, with a tragedy at the end of it. Your rebellion hasn't a shadow of a chance even of making a decent appearance in the papers. I said before, and I tell you again, it will never exact of the Government one

single charge of cavalry. If it did I might almost be satisfied, but it will not."

"Then has it come to this, that the Irish people are a race of cowards?"

"No, but they have no organization. No rebellion ever succeeds without local institutions to start from. Our people know it couldn't succeed, and they have no heart for it. You don't know Englishmen. You fancy the days of Cromwell are still in existence. We can have everything we want, or can fairly claim, by proving our case. There is not a fairer body in the world than the English Parliament, with all its faults. It only wants to hear the truth."

"I'm sorry to hear you talk in that way," said Macan. "Bedad, it looks bad for the old cause of Ireland when a Tyrone defends the English Parliament. Fair! Just you let your Parliament know that you've gone to a Fenian meeting and kept its counsels, and see how fair they'll be. Oh no, 'We'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure' "—and the General vented his dissatisfaction in a snatch of song.

"Here comes one of our men at least," Tyrone said. "I see Colonel Quentin scrambling over the height yonder."

"And only in time, too. The tide's nearly full; a few minutes more, and he'd have had to swim to us. But where's my bold Charette, I wonder?"

Colonel Quentin came along the strand with a cloak thrown over his shoulder and displaying his usual easy swagger. He touched his hat when he came near, and Tyrone acknowledged the courtesy.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, gentlemen," Quentin said, "but the fault was not mine. Now, first of all, will you kindly follow my guidance back over that height, for if the tide catches us here, we shall have an hour's imprisonment for nothing."

"But what about your French fellow? Where's Charette?" Macan asked, with open-mouthed wonder.

Tyrone, a good deal surprised too, thought it best to say nothing.

"I am the bearer of General Charette's apologies," said Quentin, composedly; "I mean apologies for his unexpected absence. Circumstances over which, I can

assure you, he has no control whatever, deprive us of the pleasure of his company. Can't we have the explanation on the other side of that ridge of cliff? I don't care to spend an hour here trying to guess what the wild waves are saying."

"It's a matter of indifference to me," interposed Tyrone, "what has kept Monsieur Charette away, but I think Colonel Quentin might give us some clearer explanation than this about his absence. I don't care to play a part in a farce."

"No farce, Mr. Tyrone, I assure you. I was only anxious to save our time. General Charette is arrested."

"The devil he is!" exclaimed Macan. "Arrested for what?"

"Arrested by the authority of the British Government as a Fenian conspirator."

"They couldn't do it! they daren't do it!" cried Macan.

"Perhaps not, but I can assure you they have done it," Quentin coolly replied. "General Charette is now as fast in prison, Macan, as we shall be fast here for the next hour, if we continue talking on this spot five minutes longer."

The tide was coming close on them, and

even in the excitement of the unexpected news there was leisure to contemplate the unpleasantness of an hour's imprisonment on a small strip of sand. The whole party, therefore, hurriedly climbed over one of the clay reefs, if we may use such a word, which, stretching down from the wall of cliff that formed the background, embraced the little patch of strand whereon the duel was to have taken place. No word was spoken aloud, but Macan kept continually humming a tune, whistling, and muttering to himself as they were accomplishing their passage over. At last they were safe on the open strand, and could see at a little distance the narrow path winding down the cliff by which they had descended. The dawn was now glowing with long purple streaks across a sky-field of bright saffron. On the edge of the sea some fisher girls were already seen.

"Now then, Phil, tell us how and all about it!" the impatient Macan exclaimed.

"All that I have to tell is easily told. Somehow or other the British Government seems to have learned what was going on, for a descent was made upon Charette when he thought himself perfectly safe; he and

his papers were seized, and he was carried off to prison."

"Can this be?" asked Macan, looking at Tyrone. "Can the British Government arrest men who are not British subjects?"

"Certainly, for taking part in rebellious conspiracies on British soil. I am not surprised at this; not in the least. All your fine plots are betrayed the moment they are ripe for betrayal. This ought to cure you of such folly, Macan."

"Then do you mean to say they'll try Charette and condemn him?"

"If they think him worth the trouble; I shouldn't if I were the Government."

"Charette is in prison," said Quentin, calmly pursuing the thread of his story; "and I think if I were you, Macan, I wouldn't return to London just now; it might be injudicious. You will find Paris a more agreeable sojourn about this time of the year."

"Oh, pshaw! You don't mean to hint that the Stars and Stripes can't protect a fellow? Old Uncle Sam ain't quite played out just yet. No, you bet! If they touch me you'll find they'll drop me like a hot potato."

"Perhaps so; though I doubt much whether our folks would be at all disposed to keep you out of any such difficulty. It's all very well, Macan, to hint of Uncle Sam's Government standing ready in the background. That sort of thing may have an effect on the raw recruits of Fenianism; you and I know how much of his countenance Uncle Sam really gives you. Besides, even if you did get off in the end, the preliminary revelations might not suit you."

"They mightn't suit the cause, and that's what I'm thinking of. I'd rather like the fun of the thing myself. What do you advise, Mr. Tyrone?"

"This, and this only. Give up all this insane plotting and scheming, General Macan. I am glad with all my heart that this wretched thing has been exploded so harmlessly and so soon. I beg of you to let it be a warning to you; you are a good fellow and deserve better work. Go back to the United States and tell our countrymen there to serve the land which has adopted them; to help Ireland by making new homes and openings there for Irishmen, and not to add to Ireland's misery by exposing her to new wounds and to

new ridicule. Dissolve your absurd Fenian organization——"

"Never, by the Almighty! Never while there's a drop of blood—" Macan was breaking into a wild exclamation, when Quentin actually put his hand upon his mouth.

"Pray no swearing, Macan! Mr. Tyrone talks good sense from his point of view and we ought to be obliged to him. Anyhow, we don't care for any Fenian oaths just now and here; Mr. Tyrone and I are only lookers-on. Take my advice, Macan, and go on to Paris until this little storm blows over."

"I suppose I'd better," Macan said, rather ruefully, as he took off his hat and looked at it as if it could lend him counsel; "I suppose I'd better. And yet, dog on my skin, as the Western fellows say, if I like it. It looks like leaving Charette in the hole; and, though I never much liked the red-headed thief, I hate the notion of seeming to run away and desert him. But I suppose I must go."

"You can't help Charette," Quentin said; "and your presence, I suspect, would rather injure him than serve him. Mr.

Tyrone, I am sure, will see that justice is done."

"True enough. You're a big Indian, a Parliament man, and all that; you'll not see poor Charette unfairly dealt with by John Bull, will you?" General Macan asked, turning eagerly to Tyrone. "You wont remember any little unpleasantness that may have happened between you at such a time?"

"Oh, Charette is safe enough," Tyrone said; "they will probably only keep him in until this whole affair is exploded. But you may depend upon it that anything I can do for him shall be done, if he needs it. I think I owe him that much;" and Tyrone smiled.

"Bedad you do," chuckled Macan, "for you tumbled him like ten-pins. I can't help laughing when I think of it. Well, I suppose we must part; but we only part like the blades of the scissors, to meet again, I hope."

"I hope not," Tyrone said, gravely, "for your sake, Macan. Think of my advice; go back to America and serve her; you can't serve Ireland in your way——"

"When I forget thee, oh Jerusalem—"

the General began, and then he stopped with a grim smile. "Where are you bound for, Phil?"

"I'll go to Paris with you for a few days; then I'll come back to London; I am safe there. Like Mr. Tyrone, I am no Fenian; I speak Fenian daggers, but I use none."

Tyrone looked round with an angry gleam in his eyes. But Quentin seemed calmly unconscious of having said anything which could possibly give offence.

"You're not the rose, though you live near it—under it, for that matter," said Macan. "Well, never mind; some must watch while others sleep, as Shakspeare says."

"I have a carriage on the road above," said Colonel Quentin, pointing in that direction. "It will take us to the town, into the railway station, and then we can all go our ways."

So they mounted the cliff in silence. Quentin smoked; Macan hummed an air between his teeth. Tyrone felt greatly relieved for two reasons. He was free of the absurdity of the duel; he felt a strong hope that a premature explosion had shat-

tered harmlessly the Fenian plot. In some way that he would have found it hard to explain in words he seemed to have got a new charter and lease of life. Little as the thought of death had pressed upon him, it yet was evident to his mind that in coming to meet Charette he might have been coming to his death. Now that the danger was over it presented itself more emphatically to his mind. Suppose he had been killed by the bullet of that crack-brained Frenchman (Tyrone, a capital shot, had resolved that he would not, under any provocation, aim at his antagonist), what a death and what a life! A life of senseless, tasteless extravagance and folly, of shameful debt and difficulty, of playing at patriotism and politics; and a death springing out of a quarrel with a half-crazy adventurer. Something in the circumstances—the scene, the hour, the sweet morning air, the sunrise, the breath of the sea, the dear old memories of childhood and youth which the touch of French soil sent rushing to his heart—something in all this filled the young man with regret for the past and resolve for the future. Mounting the cliff silently he cast one bold, reliant glance over the sea, and

he determined to take up his broken life and honestly mend it. And, mingling with the resolve, came somehow the thought of Jennie Aspar, now an orphan.

CHAPTER VI.

Colonel Quentin did not think of remaining long in Paris. Unlike most Americans, he cared little for the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées. He had come to London on business of various kinds, and Paris only interrupted his pursuits. In Paris, too, he found it hard to get along, except through the influence of the American Minister and other Americans of distinction; and, to say the truth, these somehow did not seem to care much for Colonel Quentin. On the other hand, in London he could do without his countrymen. He could make the acquaintance of English people for himself, and it was with English people he especially wished to have to do.

Philip Quentin, as he had called himself from boyhood, was a man of some talent and of great ambition, but, unluckily for his ambition, of a keenly sensitive and

egotistic nature. He had gone through life conscious of a sort of pariah mark upon him, for Quentin's father and mother were of the class who used to be branded throughout the Southern States of America as the mean whites. Quentin's mother was the sister of old Tyrone's wife, the old Tyrone whose son now lay dead in the miserable house on the southern side of London. Both sisters were pretty and poor and "fast." Old Tyrone of New York married one and was not happy with her; always suspected her, and never without good reason for suspicion. The other sister, much younger, was taken down South by a rich Tennessean who came up to New York one winter and made her acquaintance one day on a Brooklyn ferry-boat. The young Southerner, however, dropped her very soon somewhere, and she subsequently married a poor saddler in Virginia and she had a son, and they were of that despised and degraded class, the mean whites—the creatures who had neither the social position and property that seemed essential to freedom in the South, nor the protected comfort of slavery. Philip, the son, was a clever and precocious boy. He soon saw the social

degradation of their condition. He overheard some domestic disputes in which the character of his mother was rather frankly discussed, and in which her husband's explicit accusation met with a doubtful denial, and finally a contemptuous and cynical admission on her part. Philip soon made up his mind that any place would suit him better than home. He ran away—indeed, there was little effort likely to be made to stay his departure—and after much weary wandering and privation he found himself in New York. He did not go near his Irish uncle Tyrone, not thinking it likely that he would find much of a welcome from him. He got a situation as messenger in a store; he lived on next to nothing, but took care to get himself educated. He attracted the attention of a man of some influence and benevolence, who obtained for him finally a nomination to West Point, the great military academy of the United States. Once in there, Philip's way was clear enough. The pay and rations allowed to a cadet were ample for his support. At length he found himself an officer of the United States Army, and on duty in one of the forts in the Southern city where Selina

Saulsbury was then a young belle and poetess.

Philip, the moment he entered New York, resolved to change his name. He acted on Coleridge's plan, glanced up at the nearest shop, saw the name Quentin, and became thenceforth Philip Quentin. We need not follow him through his love, his disappointment, his adventures in the war, his capture and imprisonment. The war over, Quentin went in for mining speculations in the West and showed rather a genius in that way. Although he somehow did not get much mixed up with companies and speculations of the better class, he got his pockets well filled with money that seemed to go as fast as it came. He was arranging for a trip to Europe on the business of one of the mining speculations with which he was concerned, when he heard in New York of old Tyrone's death and his strange will. The old man, having learned that his nephew had repudiated his family and run away, was taken with a sort of admiration for him, and appointed him (if he should still be living and could prove his identity) the heir of the money in the event of the head of the house of Tyrone not complying with the conditions.

Quentin thus saw himself placed within the possibility of a future surpassing the dreams of his wildest ambition. He looked carefully into the matter and still suppressed his identity. So long as he remained unknown he thought there was some chance of his being able to advance his own interests. From a distance he studied the ground and the character of Tyrone. Macan gave him, unconsciously, plenty of help. The Fenian organization seemed a providential chance to Quentin. The two war comrades came to Europe each with his own design on the career of Tyrone. Quentin had hardly reached London when he found the new chance given to his schemes in the person of his old love, Selina Lorn.

Colonel Quentin had ambition and talent enough to secure success, but his sensitiveness and his egotism were his fatal enemies. It was a torture to him always to think that people were mentally scrutinizing his claims to be considered a gentleman; and his occasional swaggering self-assertion was only a forcibly disguised confession of weakness. He had never forgiven Selina Lorn for having made a fool of him and thrown him over, and there was something feminine, in the worst sense, in

the revengeful pleasure which he felt while humbling and torturing her. He was not naturally bad; he might, under happier circumstances of early life, have been generous and even high-principled. But the base condition of his early bringing-up clung to him. He had some of the worst meannesses of servitude added to the vanity and conceit of the so-called self-made man. Contact with such a woman as Selina Lorn was a great misfortune to him, for so much really furious passion thrown away in his youth, turned sour and corrupt within him. Even the war did not ennoble his character, for he went with his flag as much out of hatred for the South, where he had been so degraded, as gratitude and patriotic devotion to the North, which had been his friend.

Colonel Quentin kept his eyes pretty closely on anything that seemed to concern him, however remotely, and he had learned before he left for France all about the death of Jennie's father, and the condition in which the event had left the two girls. He immediately paid Mrs. Lorn a visit.

"This is a chance for you, Selina," he said, after some preliminary words. "This girl Jennie, I suppose, is the hated rival?"

Mrs. Lorn blushed deeply. "How can you speak to a woman in that way? The poor little girl! That child in rivalry with me!"

"Do try to tell the truth, Selina, in speaking with me at least, or teach your cheeks the art of conspiring with your tongue. You are afraid of this girl—you think your young hero likely to make her a young heroine. Is not that so?"

"If you choose to humiliate me, Colonel Quentin, by such a suggestion, I cannot help myself—I can't even resent it."

"Why should you resent it? I don't want to offend you, I mean to help you; only I don't care to throw my words away for nothing, and I want to be quite sure that we understand each other. Well, I think we do. Now this girl, you know, is reduced to utter poverty. Here is a splendid chance for you. You can play the magnanimous with a vengeance. Go to this girl, and offer to take her under your care, for the present at least. Don't listen to any refusal —carry her off. Bring her here."

"Here—bring her here? I don't understand you."

"No? And they talk of the tact of women!" Quentin said, raising his eyebrows.

"Can't you see that, in the first place, you will show splendidly in the eyes of her and of him; that, in the next place, you will show him how little afraid you are of her—which will of itself reduce her value immensely in his eyes; and in the third and last place, you will have her always under your influence, and if you can't in six weeks—what with open counsel and half-hidden inuendos, and all a woman's tricks of covert allusion and stab, and pretended pity and so forth—utterly spoil her chances and change her purposes, and render her absolutely miserable, if you wish to do that, you are not the woman I take you for. You are a very different creature from the Selina who used to flirt with me long ago, and who beguiled old Lorn in the end. Just take my advice, Selina."

"I will—I suppose I must."

"And look here, there are such things to be done, if people only had the brains! Of course this girl must have had some piano or guitar, or favourite instrument of some kind. All girls have. Find out all about that, as you can easily do—piano, books, relics of mamma—that sort of thing, you know—and have the articles bought up,

and placed in your house ready for her when she comes. That kind of thing tells immensely."

"There are two girls, Philip."

"Yes, but you can't take the two. Mind, not on any account! You must have your little rival absolutely under your own control and influence. That ridiculous woman, the Aunt Lucy, ought to take the other girl. I suppose she will. Anyhow, *you* can't! You understand your part, Mrs. Lorn?"

"I do," said Mrs. Lorn, with a sigh. "But I wish, Philip, you had not the art of making even a good action seem mean and selfish."

"Yes, the pleasanter thing in life is to make mean and selfish actions seem good. But that is an art I don't care to cultivate with you, Selina."

"I am almost ashamed of trying to serve this girl."

"Be not ashamed, my dear; there will be little service when all's done, you'll find."

Colonel Quentin presently took his departure, leaving Selina to rage within herself impotently. He never came without

degrading her in her own estimation. His purpose and business seemed to be her degradation. He stripped away with a pitiless hand from her little cowering and shuddering soul all the tinsels and purple rags of sentiment and romance and mock heroism in which she loved to drape it, and he compelled her to regard it in all its naked meanness and egotism. "I wish somebody would kill him! I wish I had the courage to kill him!" she muttered to herself. "I am a coward—a Southern woman, and yet a coward!"

She had tried once or twice what could be done by the old fascinations. Oh, if she could only bring Philip Quentin back into love with her once more, and see him her slave! But Quentin laughed in her face, and told her with pleasing frankness that he saw through all her little tricks, and made mirth of her until the tears came into her eyes. She gave up that plan in despair, and submitted to her fate in bitterness, hoping that heaven, or some other power, would rid her of her persecutor before he had time to drive her out of her senses.

"I say, mamma!" said Theodore, burst-

ing in upon her, "isn't this an awful go? Look here, you know! something's got to be done. Poor Jennie Aspar—that stunning girl—finest girl in all England—lost her father, and hasn't got a red cent, I hear."

"So I have heard, darling. Very sad: a heavy dispensation of Providence——"

"Yes, I know. But something must be done; you know, *we* can't stand that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing, Theodore?"

"Girls like that left without a home, you know; you must bring them here. One of them shall have my room. "I'll go upstairs. *I* don't care—men sleep anywhere, you know."

"Darling boy! I had thought of this already."

"Bully for you, mamma! Of course you did. Well, let's lose no time. I'll go if you like."

"Well, Theodore, I think perhaps it would be better if I were to go alone."

"Think so? Then I'll order the brougham, right away." And he vanished.

Mrs. Lorn felt somewhat comforted by the thought that the charitable part thus

became, in a measure, her own work again, having been suggested by the son of her bosom. She enjoyed at all times playing a generous and heroine-like part, and this would interest, amuse, and excite her. She was enabled therefore to drape her nature again with the tinsels and purple rags which Quentin had torn away. Moreover, she could not conceal from herself, even in her mood of restored heroism and self-admiration, the fact that there was a good deal of sense in Quentin's suggestion about the advantage of having one's rival under one's own eyes and influence.

It never occurred to Selina Lorn to speculate as to the motive of Colonel Quentin in counselling this act. For one reason, Selina Lorn never studied with interest any emotions but her own. She was always her own heroine; and when she had got a hero her life romance was complete. But even if she had suspected Quentin's motive, she would have had to follow his orders all the same. He had now obtained a power over her which was out of proportion even with his worst means of injuring her. By steadfastly exhibiting himself to her as her master, by deliberately and continually

humbling her in her own eyes, and accustoming her to see that he had a set purpose in thus humbling her; by interpreting for her in plain words all the little crafts and hopes and deceits of her nature, this unpitying former lover had utterly demoralized her; reduced her to such a condition almost as that to which some unscrupulous mesmerist can bring a weak-nerved patient. But Quentin had a special and personal purpose in ordering Mrs. Lorn to play the part of a generous friend to Jennie—a purpose which could Selina only have divined it, might have gladdened her heart to know.

CHAPTER VII.

Tyrone had to assist at two funerals on his return to England with his new lease of life. Mr. Aspar was buried in the beautiful Norwood cemetery, near the soft Surrey hills; the other Maurice Tyrone was laid in earth in the Roman Catholic burial-ground at Kensal Green. The widow desired that he should be buried there, because, though for years he had held aloof from all recognition of dogmatic creed, his early life had been nurtured in and even for the Roman Catholic Church, and she who felt that she had in some sort beguiled him from his faith and his inheritance with his faith, regarded it as a sort of expiation that he should be restored in death to the early shelter. Tyrone could learn enough from her few allusions to their past life to know that the old Tyrone had intended his son for the priesthood of the Roman Catholic

Church, that he had sent him for this purpose to a Jesuit college in England, that the young man had made the acquaintance of a young woman of good family, that the two had fallen in love, that the student had renounced his vows, and that they were married. The marriage meant their repudiation by both families; meant a short prime of passionate happiness, snatched proudly from the world and fate, and then years of hard struggle, always brightened by love; and then deepening poverty, growing eccentricity, an invading ill-health, a wretched living made by teaching languages to the very few who would pay for such instruction; finally a breakdown and death! This much Tyrone half learned, half guessed. More, for the present, he did not attempt to discover.

Immediately after this dismal duty Tyrone sought for news of Jennie Aspar, but as yet did not try to see her. It gave him a certain sense of annoyance or regret—he could hardly tell why—when he learned that she was already under the roof of Mrs. Lorn.

Days passed away, and Jennie was growing better reconciled to the calamity that

had fallen upon her. Somehow it had been brooding over her so long that it did not come with much of a surprise. She had known by the look in her father's face that something was going to happen. The death sentence written there bore its terrible import vaguely in its lines and letters, even though the wondering, watchful eye could not trace out its precise meaning and date of doom.

Overpowered by the kindness of Mrs. Lorn, Jennie had gladly accepted a refuge in her house for the present. Alicia was sheltered by Mrs. Granger; but Mrs. Granger could not keep the two girls, and made no secret of the fact. Jennie did not intend to remain long an idle visitor anywhere. She took great blame to herself for not having tried to understand all her father's affairs. She felt herself almost as if she were responsible in part for his failure and his death. No feeling of that sort agonized the gentle and uninquiring Alicia, who never thought of any calamity but as some mysterious stroke of Providence; and never exerted herself to consider whether anything could by possibility have been other than simply what it

was. Alicia never blamed herself or anybody else. She took her own household ways—her father, her aunt, death, and all the other accidents—precisely as they came. She assumed that her father was a model father, and her aunt a model aunt. All the people she knew were good people. Nobody could have helped what had happened. In their quiet life at home it had often been a wonder to Alicia to see poor little impatient Jennie tugging at her chain, and snapping at the bars of her cage, and objecting to this and that, and going nigh sometimes to arraign the whole scheme of the universe. But she assumed that younger sisters usually were so, and had to be petted and humoured a good deal. So she petted and humoured Jennie, who sometimes grew all the more impatient and contradictory for the very petting.

Jennie did not say a word to her sister about her own self-reproach. It would be useless she felt; but she was not sorry to be left to herself, and without Alicia for a while. She had a great deal to say to herself, and to her own heart; a great deal to condemn herself for, and feel remorse for and atone for; and she would have

taken little comfort from the companionship of some quieter and less sensitive nature which would have idly tried to soothe her with assurances that everybody had done the best he and she could, and that no one was to blame. Jennie resolved that she would go in for an active useful life somehow, and that come what might, she would not swing idly to and fro on the gilt ring of the parrot-cage-life which some women can so complacently accept as their highest mission. What to do she did not yet know; but do something she would; live idly and for nothing she would not.

Meantime she looked beautiful, calm, and full of soul, in her sad black dress. She was not unhappy, considering all that had befallen her. Mrs. Lorn was acting her part of tender friend and guardian charmingly; and indeed thus far quite enjoyed the part, and gave her soul to it. Theodore was the dearest, most devoted little creature in the world. Her harp, the relic of such happy and dreamy days—days when the saddest dreams were yet steeped in sunlight—had been bought for her by Mrs. Lorn. Carpenter had brought her the poor little toy her father had secretly put

in his pocket that memorable night of awful warning, and which she now knew he had secreted for her. It stood upon the chimneypiece of her bedroom, and was like a sacred relic. Theodore had gone himself and brought away a branch of her own old tree and set it in a flower-pot, where it refused to grow, and soon became as black as an old tobacco stalk. Tyrone went to the cottage, and when the sale came on bought (which he could but little afford to do) all the books that bore her name or her sister's, and sent them to her without any word to indicate whence they came. There was a beautiful little book-case—a perfect little gem of a thing—in which most of these books used to be. Tyrone endeavoured to buy this too, but some persistent and irrepressible broker competed for it until Tyrone found that he at last must positively give up the struggle for lack of means to carry it on ; which he did—the bitterest sacrifice he had ever yet made in life. He thought of the money he had squandered without joy to himself or good to others, and he elbowed his way out of the crowd and came moodily back to London. He had set his heart on buy-

ing that little thing for Jennie, and he had to give it up because of the price.

The broker, his rival, held on against all competitors and won the prize. Next day the bookcase was sent to Mrs. Lorn's for Miss Jennie Aspar, and with Colonel Quentin's respectful compliments and sympathies.

"You are all so kind to me, you all spoil me," said Jennie to Mrs. Lorn one morning as they sat together. "Even Colonel Quentin, whom I hardly know, see how he sends me that little bookcase."

"Philip Quentin used to have a kind and generous heart always," Mrs. Lorn said with a sigh; "but, dear child, who would not feel sympathy with a sweet girl suddenly orphaned?"

"Still, Colonel Quentin—whom I never thought of—it touches me ever so much; you, Mrs. Lorn, are so full of kindness and sympathy, that one looks without wonder at any generous act you may do; and of course I knew something of Mr. Tyrone before."

"Mr. Tyrone, dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lorn; of course I knew

quite well it was he who sent me the books."

"How do you know, child?"

"Well, for one thing, because there was no name with them, and—oh yes, of course it was he—and I don't suppose he has much money to spend."

If Jennie had only known that all the money she and her sister had in the world to begin the world with was the poor last remnant of Tyrone's fortune!

Mrs. Lorn felt herself growing angry and uneasy while Jennie spoke, but she kept herself well in hand.

"Ah! poor Mr. Tyrone! Nowhere in the world is there a kindlier heart than his! He is always doing things of that kind—always. He is the very creature of generous impulse. He never counts the cost or thinks of his own means. Let him only hear a word of any story of distress anywhere, and he will insist on offering his help in some way. You are quite right, it was Mr. Tyrone of course. But he might have told me, for I have spoken to him so often about you, Jennie."

Jennie felt humbled somehow, although she could hardly tell why.

"You know Mr. Tyrone a long time?" she said, faintly.

"Oh yes, a long time. I have a warm friendship and affection for Mr. Tyrone. His follies and faults are all on the surface, and they have been ever so much exaggerated. He is very handsome, and has been always so much flattered and courted by women, and yet he is very little spoiled, I think. *I* have lived in the world a good deal longer than you, my dear Jennie, and I have been married, and I know what men are and must be, and I don't expect too much from a young man like Mr. Tyrone. His condition is very peculiar and romantic, I think, but rather dangerous for indiscreet women who have not their senses about them. You know of course that he can't marry?"

"I think I heard something that he is too poor."

"Not that only; but there's a splendid property waiting for him, which will be all forfeited if he marries before he is forty. Only think, forty, and he is not eight-and-twenty yet. Of course he might marry a woman with a fortune, but he is too proud for that."

"Yes, I am sure he is," said Jennie, with kindling enthusiasm.

Mrs. Lorn sighed audibly though gently, and rested her chin thoughtfully for a moment on her small white and jewelled hand.

"Yes, he is too proud to accept fortune at the hand of any woman," she said, "even of a woman whom perhaps he could regard—— Oh, well, it is his generous weakness rather to live alone and struggle through as best he may, wasting and wearing out his life's brightest years and his talents and chances rather than be enriched by the fortune of a woman. Who can help admiring him for it? Even I—well, thank Heaven there are men of spirit still left in this wretched crawling world! Yes, they know little of Mr. Tyrone who talk of him as a fortune-hunter. Unwise he may have been, and sometimes worse perhaps. Who expects perfection of any man, not to speak of a man so peculiarly situated? But he never could be mean."

"Never!" echoed Jennie, strangely chilled and depressed all the time, even while echoing Tyrone's praises.

"With a wife of fortune and ambition and spirit to help him on, what might not

such a man become? You knew nothing of all this, my dear."

"Nothing; at least hardly anything, Mrs. Lorn."

"Your father knew it all, but I suppose he thought you too young to care for such things. Mr. Tyrone entrusted him with everything, he had the greatest faith in his honesty."

Jennie looked up quickly, with crimsoning cheeks, but said nothing.

"Mr. Tyrone went to your father of course only in the way of business. He had no need to have gone anywhere to borrow money only for that keen sensitive pride, and I made him promise that he would at least not entrust his affairs to one of the ordinary money-lenders. But you look tired and sad, poor child, and all this could hardly interest you. Forgive me, your sympathetic face beguiled me on. I am not used to confidence and sympathy from women, and your companionship is a strange delight to me, and mine is a strange fate, Jennie, and I suffer much."

Mrs. Lorn took Jennie's hand and pressed it. Jennie only faintly returned the pres-

sure. There was something in this egotism that seemed to freeze her, although as yet her gratitude and affection would not allow her to question the beauty of her benefactress's nature. But she felt profoundly humiliated. Mrs. Lorn had contrived to wound every one of her feelings, and to make her secret thoughts a reproach to her. She was then only the object of Tyrone's pity and compassion, as the orphaned daughter of his money-lender, as any poor orphan girl might be! And Mrs. Lorn had often spoken about her to him, perhaps suggested the very acts of kindness for which she had felt such throbbing gratitude.

Mrs. Lorn and Theodore were going for a drive. Jennie pleaded that she was not very well, and must remain at home. Theodore was disappointed, and said to Jennie when his mamma had left the room—

"But I say, Jennie, I don't care to go if you don't go."

"Oh yes, Theodore, you must go. I'll go some other day, to-morrow perhaps."

"Why not now, 'twill do you no end of good?"

"No, dear, indeed I could not go to-day."

"I don't understand girls," said the youthful philosopher, blankly.

"Nor I, dear," said Jennie, with a faint smile.

"Then I wont go."

"Yes, indeed you will."

"Nary bit, unless you ask me."

"Ask you?—not I! But I command you to go, you dreadful little rebel! Do you dare to disobey your sister and commander?"

"Oh no! I'm awfully submissive," said Theodore, brightening, as poor Jennie tried to brighten, and making fearful pantomimic show of abasement and terror. Then as he was going, the boy observed her sad face, and came up and took her hand quite tenderly, and said, "I'll do anything you ask me to do, Jennie, and mamma will too. I can do anything with mamma, you know, but even if I couldn't she's awfully fond of you, and so am I, Jennie!"

Jennie put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and the child's pale face blushed crimson.

Then Jennie ran to her own room and leaned against the window, and looked out

wearily upon the trees in the park. She imagined that through the clear soft air she could see the gentle outlines of the Surrey hills, beyond which her old home used to lie, and she thought sadly, but without a tear, of the great wild wave that had suddenly arisen and washed all away from her life, her home, her childhood, her freedom, and her peace of mind. She longed to be away—far away, anywhere, with mountains and seas between her and London, with a new fresh life to begin.

A tap at her door, and a servant brought a card and message for her. From Mr. Tyrone, who particularly wished to see her.

At first she almost thought of refusing, although her heart stood still with emotion at the sight of his name. She thought his kindly, pitying visit would be unendurable. But she speedily rallied. What right had she to show petulance and ill-humour to one who had been so friendly?

"I shall be down in a few minutes," she said; and then she looked in the glass and adjusted her hair, and looked again, and took a final glance, and at last ran down the stairs with a beating heart, wondering

what he would say and what she ought to say.

She entered the room. Tyrone was leaning on the chimney-piece, with his back to the looking-glass. He had not a gleam of that vanity which makes a man look into a mirror when no one sees him, or when he thinks no one does. He was looking down, and seemed very thoughtful and grave, which to Jennie's eyes made him seem very handsome. He had a small bouquet in one hand. When she came in he looked up, and the peculiar boyish frankness and sweetness in the expression of his blue-grey Celtic eyes went to her heart like a beam of sympathetic sunlight which warmed her.

"I have not seen you for a long time," he said, taking her hand in his, "and I came now because I hoped to find you alone. Here are two or three flowers. I brought them for you from—from Surrey. I happened to be in the neighbourhood, and I thought you would like them."

They were from her old garden. She took them. She could not speak a word; her eyes were full of tears.

Tyrone silently placed a chair for her

and seated himself at a little distance. He offered no words of idle and barren condolence, and he made no affectation of not seeing her emotion. Indeed, it would have been folly itself to try any such poor pretence, for Jennie broke down and put her handkerchief to her face and sobbed.

Emotional natures understand each other. Tyrone made no effort to check her grief. He gently touched her hand in natural assurance of sympathy, and waited. Her courage soon returned.

"I am ashamed of giving way," she said at last, withdrawing her handkerchief and trying to look cheerful, "and I am really and truly glad to see you, Mr. Tyrone. How kind of you to come."

"I would have come long before only I didn't care to disturb you. And I have some work in hand, Jennie."

She looked up a little surprised, partly at the tone in which he spoke, and partly because for the first time he had called her by her name.

"For," he said, answering her look of inquiry with a grave smile, "I have in hand the reform of a life, the redemption, if I can, of a ruined, or nearly ruined,

career. I am not going to be an idler in life any more."

"Nor I," said Jennie, with eager simplicity; "nor I, Mr. Tyrone."

He smiled. "I knew that, and that was partly why I came here now. I don't want to talk of myself, but of *you*. What are you going to do?"

He spoke with a plain, direct earnestness, which had something almost like authority in it.

"I don't know yet," said Jennie, sadly; "I have seen so little of the world—so little of anything. But I will find some way in life. I will think it all over. I do think of it every day and every night. God will open a way for me. Can *you* tell me anything—can you advise me, Mr. Tyrone?"

"I advise!" and he raised his eyebrows; "think of anybody asking *me* for advice! Well, Jennie, I can advise you to one course. Don't stay too long here."

"Not stay long here? Oh, I don't mean to be a burden on Mrs. Lorn's kindness any longer than——"

"No, it isn't that, Jennie. Mrs. Lorn is full of generous impulses; and what does it cost her to be kind to you? Come, I must

talk to you freely. Mrs. Lorn is clever and brilliant, and has fine qualities, but I don't care to see you in this atmosphere. It is too worldly and trivial, and smelling of perfumes and all that. Don't stay in it. Are you angry with me?"

"Oh no. I know that your interest in me is sincere and friendly."

"It is not friendly, Jennie. Why do I speak to you in this way? Why do I put away all ceremony—do you know? Tell me why I was drawn towards you from the first moment? Tell me why I first felt ashamed of my life when I came near you? Tell me why I first thought of purity and all the best part of womanhood and sympathy and happiness and high purpose—all, all—I don't know what else—that I had never thought of before—tell me why I only thought of such things when I knew you?"

He spoke so impetuously that Jennie was almost alarmed, and he gave her no time to answer.

"I'll tell you why," he said; and he had risen now and was standing behind her chair, leaning over it so that she could hear his words but could hardly see him

even if she had looked up; "I'll tell you why. Because I love you, Jennie; because you are the only woman I ever loved or cared one straw about, and you are all the world and earth and heaven to me."

"Oh, Mr. Tyrone!" She sprang up and turned round, and looked at him wonder-stricken, almost terror-stricken, and trembling.

He put one hand gently upon her shoulder, rather holding her from him than drawing her to him, and went on—

"I have thought of this, Jennie, this long time. I saw it, and tried to prevent it—partly for your sake—for what good can this do to you?—and partly too, I confess, out of those mean and cowardly motives that make up so much of the noble nature of man! I tell you more, Jennie—let me have the whole confession out—that I would not have loved you if I could have conquered myself. But I could not—and you know all now—I love you, Jennie! Will you not speak to me?"

She tried to speak, but could not at first. She made a gesture with her hands, pointing to her mourning dress.

"Yes, the time is not fitting for a

formal declaration," he said, vehemently, "but what do you and I care for what is fitting? And since you are alone and have lost a father, have you not all the more need of love? Come, speak to me."

"What can I say, Mr. Tyrone? This has quite overwhelmed me. I never thought—I did not dream—and you know it is useless and hopeless."

"But you must speak to me, Jennie, for all that. If despair and ruin themselves stood in the way, I must know how you feel to me. See, I do not approach you—I don't touch your hand!"

"Because you are too brave and generous, and you know this cannot be. Think—if you had a sister."

"If I had, Jennie, I could not wish her truer and more loyal love than mine to you."

"I do believe that; I do, indeed, since you say it—but I wish you had not said it—I think I do. This is happiness and misery all in one."

"Then you *do?*" He gently took her hand in his.

"Oh, you know it," she broke out passion-

ately at last—"you must know it. I do love you, Mr. Tyrone—there! I have loved you always. I would die for your love! No—oh, pray, don't come nearer now that you know all. What good is it that we have said this to each other?"

"What good—if you love me! What good? In the world's meaning no good to you, for I am as poor as Job, but that isn't your meaning, Jennie?"

"Oh no, Mr. Tyrone, far from it."

"Then what *is* your meaning? What good, Jennie? This good. That since you do love me, you will be my wife."

"And my father dead a few days."

"I don't mean to-morrow or the day after, Jennie," and he waved his hand impatiently. "I mean that since you tell me you do care for me, you are pledged and consecrated to be my wife." And throwing his arms round her for the first time, he drew her towards him and raised her face to his, and kissed her lips. She turned a crimson colour, she felt the hot blood suffusing her, she trembled all over with shame and delight, with strange inexplicable terror and happiness. All her resolve had gone in the emotion of that kiss. Come what might

now, hereafter, ever, she knew that they two stood alone.

She drew herself gently from him, however, and sat upon a sofa a little way off and covered her face with her hands. Why was this warm-souled, generous girl thus terror-stricken in all her bubbling delight of heart and sense at the first kiss of her lover? Because there seemed something strange, wild, almost impossible in the thought of their union. Because their conditions were so utterly unlike. Because she could not yet understand why this brilliant, reckless, and ruined waif of a legendary greatness should love *her*. It seemed like some strange old story, when a wild demigod seized on some lowly girl and chose to love her, and while she loved she was afraid for her life and her soul. All the warnings Jennie had received crowded on her. She remembered the agony in which her father had warned her against this very man, whose kiss was now on her lips. Even the seemingly careless words of Mrs. Lorn and others came on her. But most she thought of her father's face. She kept her hands to her eyes, as if she dreaded lest on withdrawing them the dead

should appear, risen out of the grave to reproach her.

Did she distrust Tyrone? No! What woman ever loved and distrusted? She loved him with the uttermost passion of her nature. But the very force of this love affrighted her, for she felt that she must stand back from heaven itself if he bade her.

Meanwhile Tyrone saw her emotion, and saw that fear had some share in it. He approached her, sat beside her, and gently withdrew one of her hands from her face. She looked up and drew some courage from the earnest truthfulness of his eyes.

"You are not afraid of me, Jennie—you don't distrust me?" he said, in his gentle and musical voice.

"Oh no—oh no. But I am afraid of all this. It has come so suddenly, and I am so ignorant and alone, and perhaps—perhaps we never were meant for each other."

Tyrone smiled.

"What drew us to each other then? From the first moment I saw you I was drawn towards you. I dare not speak for you."

"Oh, don't think of me," she said, with some of her characteristic vehemence again reviving and asserting itself. "I went mad at first. I loved you the moment I saw you, and I could never have loved anybody else. I know I couldn't, if I had never seen you again. But *you*—how could you care for me—always? We are so different, Mr. Tyrone. I come from quiet and humble people—I was never even in the shadow of your world. I should only spoil your career; you have something to live for."

"Nothing without you."

"Oh yes; you have a political career, and all that, which women haven't. Do you wonder that I talk in this way? Because I have thought about it night and day since first we met. I have grown from a child into a woman thinking about it. Not that I ever dreamed of your caring for me; but that I tried to reconcile myself to the decree of Heaven, which had kept us so far asunder."

"Jennie, this is folly! Heaven has brought us together."

"How do we know? How do I know? Perhaps you only think you see in me some ideal which you have dreamed of and sought

and not found in life. Then you would be disappointed, and we should be wretched."

"If you really loved me, Jennie, as you say, you would not doubt me."

"Hush, pray. Don't speak of my not loving you as I say. Yet I don't love you as I say, for I love you better than any words could ever say. But I don't think I am fit for you. I have not brains, or knowledge, or understanding, or anything. Your friends would wonder——"

"My friends? I wonder who are they! If I had friends, do you think they would venture—or I care? Jennie, the first and only friend I ever had was the impulse which you sent into my soul. You have saved me, Jennie, and you shall be my saviour still and always."

He drew her towards him more freely now.

"Will you," she said, looking up at him pathetically, "will you give me until to-morrow to think over all this? I have no one to consult with but my own heart and conscience. I could not speak a word to my sister even on this. Will you give me until to-morrow, Mr. Tyrone?"

"Surely," he answered, "I would not

be so unfair as to press you in a moment of surprise. Perhaps I might do that too, Jennie, if I were inviting you to share a fortune and a bright home. But yours, I warn you, will be a trial and a sacrifice. You will have to put faith in the perseverance and success of a fellow who has hitherto failed in everything."

"Oh, don't speak of that! That would be no trial. I have all that faith already. I know you can do anything you try—if you only will."

"I think," he said, with a ring of pride in the tone of his voice which pleased and inspired her, "I think I have brains and spirit enough to make a way for myself if I try, and I know that with you I shall not lag. But the risk is yours, Jennie."

"You have forgotten," she said, speaking with great diffidence, and keeping her eyes fixed on the ground, "that you will have to make a great sacrifice by marrying any woman too soon. Is there not a forfeit?"

"Who has been telling you of that?" he asked, quickly. "No matter; you needn't answer; and don't think of that any more.

No, Jennie, if you never were to look at me again I have learned something better from you than to shape my life in any way for the sake of the bribe offered by the will of a wretched and eccentric old man to the ruin of his own only son. His money perish with him for me! You would not like to think of me as grovelling in bonds for years to grasp that plundered inheritance, Jennie, would you?"

"I could not think of your doing anything for the sake of money," she answered simply. "I didn't know anything about the only son, but I know that you would not stoop for any one's money. Still, but for me you might have lived on, and——"

He checked her impatiently.

"Then you will give me until to-morrow?" she asked. "I will think and pray, and tell you all then."

"I will—I will; thank you a million times. I know already——"

"Is this cold?—oh! is this strange and cold of me?" she asked, in new agitation. "Does it seem cowardly and ungrateful, and as if I didn't value your love and trust you? Oh, don't think so! don't, I beg and pray! It is only because I love

you so much, and feel so unworthy and afraid, and love you better than myself and all the world—and heaven."

He only took her hand and kissed it, with the air of a devoted gentleman to some noble *chatelaine*.

"Your wish is right and natural, and worthy of you, Jennie," he said, warmly. "I should be ashamed of myself if I pressed you further now; you who are alone and without counsel. Do you wish for even a longer time? A week—a few days?"

"No; not any longer time, Mr. Tyrone. I shall know all to-morrow. If—if I cannot, then will you ever forgive me?"

"Never, indeed," he said, with a bright smile; "but I'm not afraid. You have made me very happy, Jennie; and more than that, you have made me feel as if I really were capable of some purpose and some decent work in life. Give yourself to me, and I will try to make you happy too."

He did not attempt to kiss her as he went away. The instinctive chivalry of his nature, which years of folly and idleness could not send wholly to sleep, was always awake where a pure woman stood near. It always rose and did homage to her. For

Jennie the full and passionate confession of her love only secured the deeper reverence. He had kissed her lips once in the moment when he believed her decision assured. Her plea for delay was in his mind a bar of honour against such an approach again. Until she had made up her mind and freely promised, it would have been a meanness to rob her of a single kiss, and Tyrone, who had done many things foolish, and some things wrong, had never in his life done any one thing mean.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Maurice Tyrone left Jennie, he walked slowly towards the House of Commons. The session was drawing to a close, and he began to doubt whether he should see much more of Parliamentary life. So resolute was he to shake off inaction and bad habits of all kinds, that even the sacrifice of the political career which he had found so stimulating, appeared alm ost slight to him. All his impulses seized strong hold of him, and the impulse to redeem himself and earn a right to indulge his love was dominant now. How much the noble passion of love itself is pure selfishness philosophy probably can hardly find out. But it is certain that the longing to have Jennie Aspar for his wife was the emotion which had done more for Tyrone than sermon, example, or warning could do. The absurdity and impossibility of beginning his

new career penniless, with a penniless young wife, had not yet quite presented itself to the mind of the impetuous young chieftain. The simple and practical preliminary question what Jennie was to do with herself, where she was to live until the marriage, which could not in decency take place within a month after her father's funeral, even this little question had not occurred to him. Truly, if it had he would have found it very difficult to answer. To do him justice, he was ready for any sacrifice himself, and would have set out for Australia or the backwoods of America the day after tomorrow with Jennie. But the plain direct question — how are a poor young man brought up to be a prince, and a poor young woman brought up to do nothing, going to make a living all at once, he had not ventured to approach.

As he entered the House a certain sense of disappointment and regret came over him. He had loved the excitement of the place and the delight of playing at Irish chieftain. All this, when once he set himself to earn a living and keep a wife, he must give up. He felt some pride in having, amid all his ruin, a sacrifice to make

for Jennie; but it was a sacrifice. There is to some natures an unspeakable charm in that House of Commons life, in its debates and divisions and turmoils; in its exclusiveness to the outer world, and its easy companionship within; in the party strife, always renewing, and the victory always to be fought for and won over again; in the late hours and political dinners and conferences; in the quick, constant sense of vitality and purpose and personal importance which it brings with it. Tyrone had plunged into all this with the keen zest of a boy. He loved to lounge down to the House from his club, and spend an hour or two there listening to the earlier business, or talking in the lobby and the smoking-room; then to go and dine at the house of some political leader; then to look in at two or three crowded drawing-rooms; then to return to the House in time to hear the big men speak, and to take part in the division; then to go off to some club again and finish the night, and at last walk home by the early sunlight to his lodgings, and even then to sit up yet and read part of a novel before going to bed. He had a magnificent constitution, and all this was easy to him.

His nature and temperament called for excitement and motion; he was only happy when he had twenty things to do, or places to go to all at once. Happily for him he had with all his love for excitement no care for wine. He was always temperate in drinking: not hitherto from any principle, but because he did not take any pleasure in any save the most moderate drinking. He liked society, and to talk to clever and pretty women, and to be thought handsome by them, and to see them lay themselves out for flirtation with him. He liked to try all manner of sensation, and had committed many follies in order to experience the sensation which followed them. He liked to be pointed out as a remarkable man, an object of wonder, and as he has already said himself, he rather liked when the newspapers attacked him. Altogether it must be owned that Tyrone's was not a very lofty nature. But it was very loveable, brave, and true. It kept amid whatever folly a certain boyish freshness around it. His heart was capable of deep and strong emotion, capable even when he least knew it, of passionate love. He was very true in his own impulsive way to his country, and

what he believed to be her cause. He was sure to be very true to the woman he loved, and he now knew that he had found her.

Therefore his sense of disappointment with his career never brought up any thought of regret for his renunciation of it to win his wife. But he felt that if he could have pursued it with her, it would have given it and life, and perhaps even her, a new charm. He would have liked to bring her, his wife, down to the Ladies' Gallery, and leave her there while a debate went on, and come up every now and then to exchange a word with her, and when the debate was over take her to some brilliant drawing-room where clever and witty men and women talked of such things. He would have liked to take her to the Opera, and he thought how charming she would look on horseback in the Row. He thought with a glow of personal pride and delight of the sensation her beauty and her bright ways could not but create everywhere. He had seen most of the beautiful women of Belgravia and the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré, and he vowed that there was none like Jennie—none. He would have liked to take her to Ireland,

where the peasants in the fields positively worship beauty and youth, and where the name of Tyrone would be like a coronet set on Jennie's brow. All this he would have liked dearly.

Now there was a possible way—a way easily available—by which all this might be secured. Tyrone had many times been gently—ever so delicately and gently—sounded by unofficial persons known to be in the confidence of the Government. Vehemently as he had often opposed the ministers, sharply as the ministerial prints had criticised him, yet he had given good help to the Government by his discouragement of Fenianism and other wild movements on the part of his countrymen. It was conveyed to him that the Government would not be unwilling to mark their sense of his services; it was not conveyed to him, but it was the fact all the same, that the Government would be glad to buy him off, and get him out of the way for the future, because he was as likely any day to prove an enemy as a friend, and he was a ready and brilliant debater. Of course no Government official hinted anything to him. Things are not done in that broad

and clumsy way, entangling both parties in an equally uncomfortable responsibility. No; a private friend of the Prime Minister, who usually sat on the back benches, and hardly ever took part in the debate, being understood to have no political views of any distinctness, took the arm of Tyrone one evening, and walked up Whitehall and along Pall Mall and St. James's Street, and talked of things in general, and in the course of the talk put a seemingly careless question or two. Tyrone quite understood all this, and knew that he had only to give a satisfactory answer, and something would soon be offered to him. There are plenty of Commissionerships of this, that, and the other which don't take men out of London to whom London is a condition of existence. Now with twelve or fifteen hundred a year fixed and certain, a man of assured position may live pleasantly in London, and find society open its drawing-rooms to himself and his wife, although they are known to be poor when compared with their neighbours. Between a secure fifteen hundred a year and a more or less damaged and precarious three hundred a year, the difference is considerable.

Tyrone, however, did not return any answer. He was quite determined that come what might he would not forfeit his independence.

Rumours of a disagreeable kind began, however, to find their way into some of the papers. There was a Liberal evening journal which always girded at Liberal ministers and measures, and this very evening it came out with a pungent and agreeable little paragraph intimating that the Government were supposed to intend to offer a Colonial Governorship to Mr. Tyrone, M.P., "a gentleman who is said to be in the full confidence of the Fenians, and in constant communication even now with their leaders." The moment Tyrone entered the lobby of the House, his friend Captain Cadsby asked him if he had seen the paper, and put it into his hand. Tyrone looked annoyed.

That night he had a notice on the paper which contains the programme of the evening's business, "to call attention to the arrest and imprisonment of General Charette, a Frenchman by birth, and a naturalized citizen of the United States of America; to ask whether the opinion of

the Law officers of the Crown had been taken as to that arrest and detention, and to move for all papers and correspondence bearing on the subject." Tyrone was anxious to do something for Charette, and was seriously of opinion that the wisest thing the Government could do would be to let the cosmopolitan conspirator go his way. The Fenian panic was full on just then; the arrest of this man had excited some attention, and given to the supposed conspiracy a stamp of terrible reality. For General Charette was no raw Irish peasant with a rusty gun playing at rebellion. He had commanded many a barricade, screamed with his shrill voice over many a battle-field. Charette meant fighting and blood anyhow. His name had long been familiar to the English public, and to find him arrested for complicity in a Fenian conspiracy altered the whole character of the thing to an English mind as completely as if a suburban resident seeing his garden invaded by a pack of strange dogs, and going for his cane to drive them out, were to discover that a panther was in their midst.

The House was therefore a good deal

interested and even excited when Tyrone rose. The sight of the full benches and eager faces stirred him, and he spoke well. He was not an orator, but he stood well up among the second class men (there are only at most three or four members of the House of Commons who rise distinctly above second class); his voice was admirable, his manner easy and graceful. He generally struck out some brilliant sparkles as he went along; and when he understood a subject could speak capitally on the spur of the moment. He made his plea moderately but effectively. He argued that Charette was not an English subject, and that the only reason for assuming him to have any connexion with Irish rebellion was found in speeches delivered by him in the United States. Finally, Tyrone urged that the Fenian movement had collapsed, and that the wisest policy on the part of the Government would be that of a magnanimous forbearance.

The Attorney-General was put up to answer, which he did very drily. The arrest was perfectly lawful. Foreign citizens had no more right to concoct rebellions on British soil against the British Sovereign

than an English subject could have. He assured the House that the conspiracy was by no means of the trivial and harmless character which the Honourable Member (Tyrone) had ascribed to it. The Government was thoroughly informed as to its extent and character and most of its promoters and patrons. He declared himself much surprised that the Honourable Member should profess such an ignorance of its nature and extent.

This was an evident thrust at Tyrone. The House understood it by the light of the newspaper paragraph already mentioned, and cheered with vehemence.

Up rose a Tory member of the deepest Blue and Orange tinge—a huge, heavy, hippopotamus-like man, with a corrugated face, iron-grey whiskers, and a harsh voice; an honest bigot and sturdy blockhead of Conservatism. This gentleman began a violent assault upon Tyrone, and charged him, in boisterous words, with being an ally and promoter of the Fenian movement. Not many other members of the House would have made so broad a charge on such slender evidence, but the accusation being made, was loudly cheered.

Tyrone kept himself perfectly cool, and when his time for reply came, he simply declared that he had, so far from encouraging Fenianism, always done his best to persuade his countrymen not to risk their lives and disturb the peace of the country in a movement which—here he paused, and let his words come out with deliberation and distinctness—"which was so utterly hopeless."

A loud and angry outburst from many parts of the House followed the words. Most members had expected something quite different—something like a strenuous condemnation of the principles of Fenianism. Many men liked Tyrone, were sorry to see him under any kind of cloud, and would have heard with pleasure from his lips a frank declaration against the spirit and objects of all seditious conspiracies. They were disappointed and angry when the peculiar words he used, and the peculiar emphasis he gave to them, seemed to convey the idea that rebellion would have his sympathy if it had a good chance of success. Therefore the House clamoured against Tyrone, who, having said all he wanted to say, sat down with an appearance of perfect composure.

In truth, however, the young chief was not composed, but was glowing with anger. The words he had used were the offspring of a bitter impulse. He thought the House was disposed to treat him ungenerously, and he therefore chose the form of words which he held most likely to create a storm. For he was, as we know, resolutely set against all manner of rebellious projects on principle, but he was in no humour to admit that now.

A leading member of the Government rose, and in a kind and conciliatory tone expressed his regret that the honourable member should have inadvertently made use of a form of expression which conveyed to the House an idea which he was sure the honourable member never intended to convey. The Minister opposed the motion which bore upon the release of Charette, but implied that although Tyrone's speaking again would not be quite in order, yet he was sure the House would gladly listen to a few words of explanation.

The House cheered again.

Tyrone offered no word of explanation. He merely touched his hat in acknowledgment of the courtesy of the Minister, and

remained seated and sullen. The House roared anew, and the division bell was rung. The vote was taken, the motion made by Tyrone was negatived by an overwhelming majority, and Tyrone sauntered out into the lobby, feeling a little like an outlaw—like one, at all events, whose political career is closing for ever.

He avoided, although with seeming carelessness and inadvertence, everybody whom he knew. He saw grave and elderly members, who, he felt perfectly certain, were hurrying up to advise him and remonstrate with him, and he kept his eyes resolutely turned away, and passed on.

There is a common type of member of Parliament who assumes that the object and business of every man in the House is to get a place with a salary, or a seat in the Government, or a Peerage. Members who belong to this pattern discuss every event and everybody's conduct with regard to this grand object. They are of a piece with the women who discuss every unmarried woman's conduct and life solely as her chances of a husband are thereby affected. They are generally pleasant and good fellows, quite honourable in their

private dealings but they have lived too long in Parliament to retain any sense of the romantic in connexion with it. Indeed one cannot wonder at that: the men who have any romance left in them in connexion with Parliament might generally at any given time drive home together in one carriage. But, on the other hand, these few are the men who in the end control the Parliament and the country. Average and Commonplace seem to have it all their own way, but the Romantic and the Eccentric are meanwhile moving the world.

A group of the Average and Commonplace was collected near the side entrance for members in Westminster Hall.

"What a confounded fool Tyrone has made of himself," said Mr. Shavers, M.P. "The Government never can do anything for him now. He must be devilish hard up. Can't imagine what he lives upon."

"Oh, Tyrone's right enough," Mr. Wynter, M.P., replied; "he's going to marry an American woman with lots of money. He's going out of politics altogether. These good-looking Irish fellows always marry women with money."

"Ay ay—that's it then, is it? I

thought he could hardly be such a fool as to throw away his last chance; for the Government would certainly have done something for him, only for to-night's business."

"All play-acting—to-night's business," Mr. Wynter sententiously remarked; for he prided himself upon knowing everything and seeing through everybody; "it was done to please the American woman. She was in the ladies' gallery; I saw her. She thinks it fine to talk Fenianism and Republicanism, and all that kind of rot. Tyrone knows what he's about, I tell you."

A great Minister passed out. He was a man with a deeply-lined and wasted pale face, and dark brown eyes that glowed like those of a stag. The Minister was in conversation with another, and they too talked of Tyrone.

"I am sorry he lost his temper," said the man of genius; "for I know he was betrayed into saying or hinting more than he meant. I like him; I think there's a great deal in him. He has spirit and brains, and I have implicit faith in him. I don't know of any one who could serve us better in Ireland, if he only would put a little more

faith in us. Such a man as he might stand between Ireland and Fenianism."

"But they say he is in some sort of relationship with the Fenians."

"Oh, no—nonsense. Didn't you hear him to-night? He said he was not."

The great Minister knew when to believe the word of a man, in defiance of appearances and evidences. The faculty is one of the privileges of genius, and cannot be acquired or got up.

CHAPTER IX.

REAL life then had come upon Jennie. The real world, of which she had so often dreamed as she rocked in the branches of her tree, had found her. It had come to her, as it comes to most of us, in a bewilderment between agony and joy. She could not yet quite realize the truth that she had lost a father and found a lover. The evening after Tyrone left her was one of anxiety such as she had never felt before; of torturing thought and suspense, and elation and doubt. It would be needless to say that she hardly slept that night. There was so much to decide, and no one to help her in the decision! That is a strange moment in the life of a young woman, when she feels that her whole future depends on Yes or No; and she knows at the same time that there is no soul living on whom she could rely for

counsel or help. Such a crisis makes or mars a character.

Now the first moment when Jennie made up her mind to act for herself, with a flash of mental review she went over the two or three possibilities of counsel which life had left to her, and she dismissed them as impossible. She knew that if she spoke to her sister, Alicia would urge her to refuse Mr. Tyrone on the mere ground of their dead father's dread of him. She knew too that if she were to consult Mrs. Granger, her good aunt Lucy would earnestly urge the marriage, just because Tyrone was a man of position and in "society."

"I must go my own way—I must walk alone," she thought to herself. "I think I feel like a young king, afraid of my position—but oh so proud of it!" And Jennie smiled amid sparkling tears.

For there was a perfect intoxication of happiness and of pride, submerging all her recent sorrow and humiliation for the hour, in the knowledge that Tyrone loved her. She almost thought it was a sin against the memory of her father to feel so happy, while he lay so newly in his grave. "But I can't help it—I can't help it," the girl

cried passionately; "he *is* my hero, and I so love him, and I never thought he could love me! I wonder why he does love me?"

She never for a moment seemed to think of doubting Tyrone's constancy. All the teaching and warning which she had received upon this head had been thrown away upon her. She had the most perfect faith in him. But what she had to think of was this. Now at the moment he was poor, and she was, as she thought, still poorer—what would be right for her to do with regard to him, and for his sake? Would it be right to ask him to wait—to offer to wait for him—until better times should come? And suppose in the meanwhile one or other should die? Or ought she for his sake to refuse him point-blank, and so set him free, and let things go with her as they would? Ought she to save his career and his prospects from herself? Or should she brave all, and tell him she was devoted to him heart and soul, and would marry him, or die for him, whenever he pleased? "Does he love me as I do him, I wonder?" she thought. "Do men ever love in that way? Is any woman

worth sacrificing a career for to them? Am I but an accident or an episode to him, and he all in all to me?" If she could only know this, one way or the other, then she would know how to act. The real world seemed terribly trying. But still her heart was filled with delight and pride, for she had been recalled out of the deepest depths to hear that her hero loved her.

At last she found counsel where she might have found it first—just in the inspiration of her own heart. She wrote a letter to Tyrone, and went out next morning early herself and dropped it in the post. She dropped it into a pillar post-office near the Marble Arch, and before dropping it in she looked at the address again and again, and seemed almost afraid, and then blushed, and seeing somebody coming assumed a resolute bearing, and let the letter fall into the box as if it were just an ordinary fragment of correspondence. Then she hurried away into Hyde Park, and breathed for awhile the morning air there, and could hear her own heart beating, and was sad for very joy and humble for very pride.

This was the letter which came to Tyrone that noon:—

"My dear Mr. Tyrone,—I have thought it all over. I only know that I love you, and have loved you since the first night I saw you, and I am so proud and happy to know that you care for me. After that, what is the use of saying more? I could never again love any one—any one but you. May we not, then, be true to each other for a little, and let this be known to each other only? You will have faith in me, and I shall never doubt you. Then I shall not feel that I am a clog and a hindrance to you, and shall not blame myself, and shall try to be more worthy of you and of happiness, and you will be the more free to begin that new brave life you spoke of. From my heart I believe this is the best for us, and the only right thing for me to do. Come and tell me soon you think so too, for I would do nothing of which you do not approve. You are my hero, and I love you so devotedly.

"Ever, my dear Mr. Tyrone, yours,

"Jennie Aspar.

"Maurice Fitzhugh Tyrone, Esq., M.P."

The letter might have seemed cold to others; it did not seem so to Tyrone. By

the light of his sympathetic and generous nature he read its very soul. He saw the deep, self-suppressing love struggling through it—the love that would fain keep itself back, lest it might impede or fetter the beloved object.

"Jennie," said Tyrone, half aloud, in his now lonely room, "I will make myself worthy of your pure and sweet nature if Heaven only help me; and you shall never regret your confidence and your love." Perhaps he grieved at that moment, in his impetuous way, that he had no sacrifice to make and no danger to encounter for her. But life was henceforth a new thing for him.

It was not easy just then to see Jennie alone, and Tyrone was particularly anxious that she should not be exposed to any remark of any kind while she remained under Mrs. Lorn's roof. Still he did contrive to have a few words with her, and two successive mornings early did these lovers have a delightful ramble of an hour's duration in the more secluded parts of Hyde Park—indeed, long before even a "solitary horseman" had broken the stillness of the vacant ride. Tyrone and Jennie had long, long talks,

Tyrone talking the more and Jennie listening with delight. There was a delicious joy to her in the mere sound of her lover's voice, wholly apart from the meaning of his words. Tyrone, it may be acknowledged, was delighted to pour forth his whole soul and all his plans, projects, and hopes into the ear of so dear and devoted a listener. This was the freshest and most exquisite sensation life had yet given to him, and he drank it in greedily.

He was full of hope and confidence. He was going over immediately for a few days to Ireland to see what could be done there in the way of retrieving his property. A month ago he had believed it utterly impossible to extract any wreck or remnant worth saving from the ruin into which things had fallen; but now he was full of faith and courage—certain that something could be done—convinced that he knew the way, and could find the persons to do it. Anyhow, he was going to look into all that. His mind was not quite clear as to whether he would go in for the English Bar, and give up the House, or try to settle down in Ireland and live as a modest gentleman. Jennie, however, he declared, should

have a share in the decision of these points.

As for Jennie, she was too bewildered and dazzled by the light of the new and strange relationship between her hero and herself to be able to encounter the discussion of any such practical problems. She felt almost as if she had been suddenly turned into a goddess. On one point only she remained clear and firm. Tyrone was for drawing her into an open engagement on the spot—was, in fact, for marrying the first day that public regard for the death of her father would allow. He was fortified by having come suddenly into the ownership of a thousand pounds, as shall be presently explained, and he knew everything would come right. But Jennie was firm in her resolve that nothing should be said or done until he came back from Ireland. She was resolved that until she knew somewhat more clearly than now that a marriage engagement with her would not be a hindrance and a fatality to his own career, she would not allow him to pledge himself to anything.

It might be that even yet there would be a call for a sacrifice, and the sacrifice, if needed, she resolved should be hers. She

had grown wondrously thoughtful and wise in a few days, and indeed she could have lived on in ecstasy for years with the prospect of her hero to come for her and take her away at the end of that time.

Those were delightful days—the very rose-time or honeymoon of their young passion. They blended for Jennie the breath of the Hyde Park trees with her old vague dreamings of her Persia. Once she stopped Tyrone, and listening to the murmur of the boughs over their heads, she told him with smiling eyes, in which was just the glitter of a tear, that she had found her Persia at last. Then she described to him, in a few rapid words, the allusion to her childish dreamings; and she was glad to set him talking again, for the sound of his voice was a delight which she was jealous to lose.

Wise people say that a woman should never (at all events before marriage; some advisers say even after) allow her lover to know that her heart's uttermost devotion is wholly given to him. They say she had better keep him always under the impression that there is something yet left to win,

and that thus his constancy will be kept steadily advancing in supposed pursuit of what he already has if he only knew it; as the beetle in the Eastern story is induced to keep always mounting straight up the tower wall in fancied pursuit of the savoury butter which is really on his own head. Jennie was an unwise little girl, without any experience in the way of winning or keeping a lover; and a perverse little girl, who would have despised any such arts if they had been explained to her. So she showed Tyrone her whole heart. If he did not know that she loved him to the very uttermost of woman's capacity to love, he must have been the dullest or most sceptical of men. The depth and fervour of her faith sometimes positively alarmed him. So he told her frankly, thus:—

"Jennie!" They were seated now for a few moments under one of the trees, and the soft sunlight of an early autumn morning lay on the path before them.

She looked up at him.

"I am afraid—I am afraid you think too well of me. I'll do my best, love, but I am not —Heaven knows I am not—deserving

of all your high opinion. If you are ever disappointed——"

"Hush! not a word of that," she said, beseechingly. "As if I could be disappointed in *you* !"

"Love, you haven't known me long—you don't know what I have been sometimes; how could girls know anything——"

"I want to know nothing—I don't care. I know that I love you ; is not that enough ?"

"Some time people may try to make you believe—to tell you things of me—to make you think of me less highly than you do."

"Let them try," said Jennie, with a bright smile; and she added quickly, with colouring cheeks, "People *have* tried before now—you see with what result. A word or a look of reassurance from you will be more to me than the tongues of half a world. But don't let us ever talk of such things. See, I lay my hand in yours in pledge of my faith in you."

And half playfully, half seriously, she pulled her glove off, and laid her bare hand in Tyrone's. The glove fell to the ground. Tyrone took it up.

"May I keep it?" he asked.

"Keep it," said Jennie, "until I cease to have faith in you."

Tyrone pressed her hand in his, and he kept the glove. Jennie went home that morning with her right hand bare.

In the happy egotism of their talk and their plans, Tyrone had not thought of telling Jennie anything about his unfortunate cousin, whom he had helped to bury at Kensal Green, or of the woman, now widowed, whom he had come to know so strangely, or of the orphan child whom he had pledged himself to protect. Our hero was impulsive in most things, and once launched into a certain current of emotion or talk, was pretty sure to be carried away by it. There was a great deal to be said about Jennie, himself, but little time for saying it; and he was going to Ireland almost immediately. Perhaps he shrunk too from a story which could hardly be told without proclaiming himself as a doer of charitable deeds. So he said nothing of the whole affair, and at last the lovers parted—Tyrone going one way, Jennie another. Our heroine dropped her veil over her glowing cheeks and sparkling

eyes, and tripped across the Park. Just as the lovers were separating, Carpenter, Mr. Aspar's faithful old follower, crossed their path, and unseen by them, saw them, and was surprised.



CHAPTER X.

The days went on, and Jennie's position at Mrs. Lorn's grew more and more unpleasant every day. The first painful thing about it was that she had found out her friend and benefactress. This was a hard thing for her, and she had fought against it stoutly, striving not to see any meanness where there was so much generosity, any falsehood where there was so much of genuine good impulse. Nothing hurts the young more than to find out that the friend who has served them, and whom they fain would love and revere, is not worthy of love or reverence. So Jennie battled for Mrs. Lorn in her own heart, and would, if she could, have talked down reason and evidence, and given truth itself the lie; but she could not. She had quick eyes, and clear intelligence, and truth won, of course. She saw Selina Lorn as she was—mean, trivial, vain, cowardly, full

of deceits, which she had not the courage to push on to success, weakly sentimental, weakly sensuous, full of all the small vices of the South, and with only a faint savour of its brilliant virtues.

Once that Jennie had unlearned her faith and reverence for Mrs. Lorn, she became perhaps unreasonably impatient of the weaknesses of the latter. When nobody in particular was expected, Selina loved to lie in bed half the day. Now, our energetic maiden detested women who lay in bed half the day. Mrs. Lorn would send for Jennie, and beg that she would come and talk to her; and Jennie would find her lying on her embroidered pillow, with her hair about her shoulders, dividing her attention between a French novel, which she held in her hand, and a mirror, so placed that she could study her own looks as she lay in bed. Her talk always took its tone from the book she had last been reading, and she never read a strong and healthy book of any kind. She would one day be weakly sentimental, another day full of languid cynicism, and hints about the unreality of everybody's goodness. She would tire Jennie out on Monday with weak religionism—if such a

word may be used—with yearnings for the cloister and heaven, and penitence for past frivolity; and perhaps on the following Wednesday she would tell Jennie, with a manner provokingly complacent and egotistical, that she believed she had been born with a contempt for the world's superstitious faiths. She had an evident inclination too, for the study of what I venture to call without allusion to Mrs. Crowe, the night side of nature—that is to say, all the hidden and ignoble tendencies of human weakness and passion. She liked to take little mental peeps at Sin, and to hint mysteriously that Nature had not many secrets from her. Most of her allusions in this direction, however, were thrown away upon Jennie, who so obviously and blankly failed to understand them, that at last Mrs. Lorn ceased to throw them away.

Mrs. Lorn talked a good deal of her early conquests and flirtations, and gave Jennie lengthy and effusive accounts of the men who were in love with her, and whom she used to set half wild with her coquetry, which, according to the humour of the day, she now declared that she deeply regretted, and anon vowed that it was the only way

to deal with men, whose sufferings every woman of spirit must enjoy. All this was insufferable to Jennie, or nearly so; and at last, by dint of hearing stories told to her in quite different ways, she found out that her friend was a liar and had a bad memory. Must the truth be spoken, by the time Jennie was in the house a month, she entirely despised and almost detested her benefactress.

Now in this Jennie was a little unreasonable. There was nothing really very bad about poor Selina. She was only a badly-brought-up, vain, sentimental, and weakly-mendacious women, cursed with just brains enough to set her playing at intellect, and a bond slave to her eyes and shoulders. A dozen times a day she was pathetic about nothing, only to give effect to those eyes, and cynical merely to draw up, display, and let fall those shoulders. She might have been a much more endurable woman if she had had dull eyes and a scraggy neck. She was capable, as we have seen, of generous impulse, and even of great sacrifice. But, unluckily for Jennie, the present time gave Mrs. Lorn no chance of doing anything in that way,

and only her most idle and trivial qualities had a chance of showing themselves.

Mrs. Lorn was, of course, always the heroine of her own stories. To do her justice, she always painted herself as a virtuous heroine; and virtuous she doubtless was, in the vulgar sense of the word. But hers was a virtue which liked to put itself, or at least imagine itself, in situations where it looks as suspicious and out of place as the honest man in the closet of Dr. Caius. Mrs. Lorn had many stories of her triumphant fidelity to her husband, who was so much older than herself—of the wild homage which was offered to her, the temptations she had resisted, the battles, sieges, and fortunes through which her virtue had passed uninjured. Now, we defy the best-intentioned woman in the world to tell this sort of thing to a pure-minded girl (if it were possible that the best-intentioned woman could do so), without making herself seem a little impure in the eyes of that girl, and awakening in her breast a feeling of something like disgust. Then Mrs. Lorn began to hint at something dreadfully mysterious about Colonel Quentin; to express a secret fear of him, and to hint at

the possibility of being rescued from his power by some devoted friend. For the Southern lady often thought to herself that it would be a good thing if she could persuade Jennie to use her evident influence over Philip Quentin to get back her letters for her, and she was trying to open the way to a proposal of this kind.

A change, too, was coming over Theodore in Jennie's eyes. The boy stayed at home much more than he had been accustomed to do, and hung about Jennie and his mother, apparently not caring to go anywhere else. He and Jennie very often breakfasted together, and he would insist on bringing a book to the table and reading out long passages for her, growing quite animated as he read, and gesticulating vehemently. He seemed to have grown much less "mannish" and fast in his ways, and at the same time more thoughtful. But what Jennie's quick eyes observed with most regret was, the manner in which he sometimes fixed an odd, wondering, doubtful gaze upon his beautiful mamma. He seemed to be inquiring within himself as to the identity of the real mamma of the present with the ideal mamma of the past. Sometimes he

evidently winced, when some little maternal meanness would display itself, and there were days when he took his mother's caresses rather coldly.

He liked the mornings best of all when he and Jennie had breakfast tête-à-tête, and he declaimed to her from Tennyson, whose "classic things—Tithonus, and Ulysses, and all that lot," he did not think much of; but whose "Locksley Hall," and "Maud," he was wild about. Also, he read the "Bringing of the Good News," by Browning; and he revelled in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," whereof he could repeat whole yards, until Lara Porsena of Clusium became as familiar a morning sound to Jennie's ears as the postman's knock. For herself, she felt the deepest affection for the boy; and sometimes watched with alarm his suddenly flushing cheek, dreading that perhaps there were some hints of consumption showing themselves, but not in the least suspecting the real truth. She petted him more and more every day, for she saw with deep pain that his mother's defects were beginning to touch him.

Above all things, Theodore still hated Colonel Quentin.

"I say, Jennie, what brings that cad here?" he asked one day, abruptly.

"What cad, Theodore? Such slang!"

"That fellow—you know—Quentin fellow! I wouldn't have such beastly cads about my house if I was mamma."

"But he's a very old friend of your mamma's."

"I don't care; I wouldn't have such friends. I hate him! Tell you what, so does Tyrone."

Jennie blushed slightly.

"Why do you hate him, dear—and why does Mr. Tyrone?"

"Well, perhaps Tyrone don't exactly hate him—I dare say he doesn't think such a fellow worth hating—but he doesn't like him—any one can see that. You don't like him, Jennie, do you?"

"I think I do, Theodore. He is very friendly, and he talks very well."

"Like to catch him trying any of his talk on *me*, that's all."

Jennie smiled, for Colonel Quentin always ignored Theodore's existence, after he had once gone through a formal shake-hands, and she had often observed how Theodore's pride and sense of manhood revolted against

such treatment. The boy was often positively rude to his mother's old friend; but Quentin only seemed amused at this.

Now, the truth was, that Jennie had really come to like Quentin's visits and his conversation. He exerted all his skill to please her, and he saw that the best way to please her was by a simple straightforward manliness. He never paid her any compliments, he never talked nonsense, or common-place, or the ordinary visitor's small talk to her. In the scented, effeminate, almost sickening atmosphere which hung round the place, his coming, now that Tyrone was away, brought the only sensation of strong and simple manhood. He talked to Jennie quite differently from his manner of conversing with Mrs. Lorn. When he spoke to the former, it was always as if he would say, "I find in you a clear and healthy intelligence with which a man's may frankly exchange genuine ideas." There was something decidedly pleasing and flattering in this, even to a girl as free from egotism and vanity as our Jennie. Perhaps, too, the first thing which attracted Jennie's attention to him was the calm and friendly way in which he seemed to recog-

nise all the little weaknesses and meannesses of Mrs. Lorn. He seemed to have for them the pity, half-contemptuous, half-protecting, of a strong genuine nature. Anyhow, Jennie's atmosphere was now enfeebling—he strengthened it; grey and dull, and he brightened it. Therefore she owed him some gratitude.

One day she had insisted on thanking him for the bookcase he had sent her. He stopped her abruptly and almost roughly; but there is sometimes to high-spirited women a mysterious touch of flattery in the bluntness which raises them above the level of babies, who are only talked to in pretty, soothing, and broken language.

"Oh, that little thing? It's not worth speaking six words about, and I sent it to you because it really is yours, and as one friend might send on a thing lost by another. I am not what people call a lady's man, Miss Aspar; if I ever was any thing of the kind, I have quite outgrown it."

"I hate what people call a lady's man," said Jennie, bluntly, "and I don't think you ever could have been anything of the kind." She could not help looking upon his dark, stern face, with its deep-set eyes.

Quentin's glance caught her, and she almost coloured.

"Well, no," he replied; "and I never cared for paying compliments to women, or for talking much to women who liked compliments. I like to talk to you because you don't care about such things."

"Isn't that in itself rather a pretty compliment, Colonel Quentin?"

"Is it? Perhaps it is. But I didn't mean it, and I at once apologize. I think I have been for a long time somewhat of a misogynist, because I was crossed in love."

"Indeed? I should never have thought——"

"That any woman could have the heart to cross so fascinating a——"

"No," said Jennie, smiling at his brusque sarcasm, "I didn't mean that at all."

"That I could feel the tender emotion, then?"

"Well, yes."

"But I did. I clung to my sweetheart —as the fine old English phrase was—until the world and the devil carried her away from me. I was madly in love. I can hardly believe how I could ever have been such an idiot, but so it was. We were

pledged to each other for eternity at least —for eternity to begin with, and as long after as might be. Well, she left me, and I was taken prisoner in the war, and clapped into Libby prison, in Richmond. Did you ever hear of it?"

"Oh, yes," said Jenny, softly.

"We suffered there, good God! The time went on, but long before I had got into prison my 'fause true love' was married. I went mad for a while, then I recovered. Now, I thank her from the bottom of my heart every time I see her. What should I have done if the poor creature had remained true and married me?"

"Then you are not sorry?"

"Sorry? I can't imagine what even then I could have seen in her. Not a bad little thing at all—very good in some ways, but such a fool."

"Is she still living?" asked Jennie, for want of anything else to say.

"Still living? Miss Aspar, she is our friend Mrs. Lorn. You may laugh at me if you like, and as much as you like! I declare to you that I once thought her the most glorious and gifted creature in all the world! Well, thank Heaven! she didn't

marry me. But she is a kind-hearted woman, with good purposes and a weak nature, and I have a genuine regard for her, and we are good friends."

"She speaks highly of *you*," said Jennie, warmly.

"And I don't speak badly of her, do I? I always prove myself her friend. But I began all this by talking of my want of courtliness. Well, you reminded me somehow of her as she was—I don't know why, for you are ever so much better-looking, and in fact quite different, and so I got into all this burst of confidence."

Mrs. Lorn presently came in, and the confidence closed. But Colonel Quentin had succeeded thus far, that a kind of unavowed friendship and fraternity began to grow up gradually between Jennie and himself. Jennie began to look forward to his visits with a sort of half-weary pleasure. He was a relief at least from Mrs. Lorn.

The worst of that lady, however, was to come. She began to pour out upon Jennie the effusive confessions of her love for Tyrone, and her hopes that she might yet bring him to ask for her hand, and consent

to be made rich by her. Jennie found it hard to endure this, and Mrs. Lorn saw her vexation, and though not a very malignant woman, was greatly delighted with it. Little as she knew of the real state of affairs, she was clear enough as to Jennie's condition of mind with regard to Tyrone. She had never forgotten the blush of the girl's face and the droop of her eyes on the day of the Greenwich dinner; and she had never forgiven Jennie for what she considered her audacity. Now that she had an easy way of punishing Jennie, she enjoyed it highly. Especially it gratified her to hint that Tyrone loved *her*, that only his pride kept him from asking her to marry him, and that he and she secretly understood each other. All this Jennie of course knew to be false, and yet it angered her to hear it.

Selina was going to a dinner-party one evening, and Jennie was summoned to share a preliminary cup of tea with her in Mrs. Lorn's own boudoir. Mrs. Lorn was in one of her moods of languid cynicism this evening.

"I don't know why I go to these places, Jennie," she said. "I don't care about the

people, nor they about me. My hostess in especial hates me, I know, because she thinks I flirted with her husband—which I didn't, dear——"

"Oh, no; I am sure you didn't," said Jennie, quite sincerely and earnestly.

"Of course not—at least not with any meaning or malice—except just a little, perhaps, to annoy her and make her jealous. The one temptation I never could resist since I was at school is the temptation to make women jealous. They look so nervous and hot and funny! You are too good for all that, and then you are too young. You haven't seen the world yet. Wait until your turn comes. Those bright eyes, darling, will torment many a woman before long."

"I would rather a great deal be blind or have only one eye," said Jennie, "than torment anybody—man or woman."

Mrs. Lorn shook her head and drew up her shoulders, glancing approvingly at the latter.

"Girls begin with good intentions very often," she said, "but we all get to be much the same as we go on. But my hostess of to-day needn't distress herself on

my account—her handsome, stupid husband doesn't occupy much of my thoughts. Oh, Jennie! my thoughts are all on *him*. If I had not you to speak to, I must die or go mad. Tell me now—you are an observant girl, and you have nothing to do but observe—don't you think—speak out as plainly as you like—don't you think he really cares about me?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Lorn, I have never set myself to observe. I don't know. I'm the worst person possible. I don't like to talk about such things."

"But you are not angry, dear child? Oh, I had forgotten all that. You naughty little beauty! Of course I know that you made eyes at my handsome Mr. Tyrone, for all your demureness."

"Mrs. Lorn, how can you——?" Jennie could hardly speak.

"Oh, child, don't let us make any work about it. Do you think I blame you? Not I; it was all quite fair. He told me all about it himself."

"He told you all about what? Who told you?"

Jennie was trembling and pale, but she spoke very deliberately, fixing her eyes

on Mrs. Lorn, who had not the courage to meet the steady look, but gazed at her slipper and twirled one of her rings.

"Why, Mr. Tyrone, child, of course. He has eyes, you know; and these men are all the vainest creatures. He told me that you were disposed to make love to him, but that of course under present circumstances, he couldn't have anything to do with it; otherwise, my dear, you might have found yourself playing a dangerous game—for you are too sweet and innocent to think of danger."

Jennie was on the point of rising from her chair and giving full vent to her scorn and anger in bitter words that would have much amazed her benefactress — for this young woman had a tongue and a temper which weaker creatures might fear; but as she turned an eye like that of an angry falcon on Mrs. Lorn, and noted the cowering, mean expression of feeble spite and paltry falsehood there, she felt ashamed of any anger, and quietly kept her seat. She only said, coldly—

"You must be mistaken, Mrs. Lorn. Mr. Tyrone is quite incapable of meanness and falsehood."

Mrs. Lorn was a poor translator of other people's emotions. She thought Jennie was humbled and crushed.

"My dear creature"—and she laughed with a little cynical tinkle—"you don't know anything of these men, even the best of them. They all think we are only their playthings—ah! yes, even when they love us. I dare say Mr. Tyrone has many times told people at his club, and I don't know where else, that *I* am in love with him. I shouldn't wonder at all. I know he is far from perfection, but I have outlived the time when one expects perfection in men. I used to think Philip Quentin a hero once —I used indeed! Oh, yes; I think it is quite likely that Mr. Tyrone has exhibited me as a captive at his chariot wheels, but I don't mind; only I take good care what letters I write to him, for I believe men always show to their friends the letters they get from women."

"I would not marry any man who was so base as that," said Jennie, calmly. Then she put down her untasted cup and rose from her chair. "I don't believe there are many men so bad. And I know"—she could not refrain from giving this parting

shot, and she waited until Mrs. Lorn should look up and meet her eyes in order that the arrow might have full effect—"if there are any such men, I KNOW that Mr. Tyrone is not one of them."

Then she quietly left the room, and resolved to leave the house that very night. She was hurrying to her own room, doubtless to begin her preparations for departure with a burst of tears. Some sensitive women, while they know that they must have the burst of tears or die when the agony is on them, can yet keep down the tempest until it can be allowed to break forth in decent solitude, where no wondering or prying or pitying eye is on them. Jennie was then hasting away to solitude, when on one of the corridors she encountered Colonel Quentin, who was just being shown into the drawing-room, where he had signified that he would wait until Mrs. Lorn should have finished her tea. Quentin fixed his glittering eyes upon Jennie, and she felt a strange cold shiver through her, knowing that she was found out.

She gave Colonel Quentin her trembling hand—she was doing her best to be quite composed, but the burst of tears had to be

restrained now somehow—and he led her into the drawing-room. They both stood near the chimney-piece. Even then Jennie thought, with a strange pang of pride and pain, that there, on that very flower of the gaudy hearth-rug now pressed by Quentin's feet, there stood Tyrone when she entered the room that day—the day on which he asked her to marry him.

"You are troubled about something," said Quentin, in his prompt, sharp way; "that I can see. Is it anything you could tell me?"

"No, Colonel Quentin—indeed it is nothing. I have been out of temper, and tormenting myself——"

"Has *she* been tormenting you—Selina Lorn?"

"Oh, please don't ask me! She has been so kind that I oughtn't to think of things. But I must go away—I have been here too long."

"I thought she had been saying something unpleasant," Quentin replied. "You see, Miss Aspar, I know Selina Lorn. She has plenty of good qualities, but she is a cowardly, vain little creature, with all the small vices of cowardice and vanity. If

you want to do her justice at all, mind what she does—not what she says. She is not half so bad as she gives herself out. If she has said anything to vex you, I dare say she will fall at your feet and beg your pardon. She has done so to me, I can tell you. How should you understand her? What do you know about the sort of society in which she was brought up? Our system down South, when she was young, might have made a strong, good woman into a benefactress, but it only destroyed the natures of weak women. Idleness and the ownership of slaves turn out women like her. You mustn't mind her. Take her as she is. Allow her to do all the kindness she can to you and everybody else, and never believe a word she says."

"I can't stay here, though," said Jennie, firmly. "Wherever I go, I can't stay here. I have stayed far too long already."

"This is not the place for you," Quentin answered—"that I knew from the first. But you are here, and you can't get any harm from her—that I know, now; and if I were you, Miss Aspar, I wouldn't too abruptly run away. Take my advice—it's

honest and friendly. Don't allow any appearance of a quarrel. Such rubbish is not for women like *you*."

"Oh, I haven't any idea of a quarrel—and with her who has been so very kind to me! Why, nobody ever was so kind."

"As to that, I don't care a cent for Selina Lorn's kindness. You might as well be grateful to a glass of champagne for its effervescence. But don't mind anything she says—that's all."

"All that grieves me is, that I can't go away with a free heart. If I could only do something for her—to lift off the burden of gratitude! I hate to seem ungrateful to any one—I hate to owe anything now to her. I do—I do! I would almost give my right hand"—and Jennie held out her white and pretty hand, well worth the giving—"to be able to do her the smallest real service."

Colonel Quentin smiled at the eagerness and excitement of the girl.

"I thought women were more likely to give their right hands for the purpose of doing somebody an injury," he said. "So all your satirists say, don't they?"

"I don't know," Jennie answered, dog-

gedly. "I don't care what the satirists say. I know what I feel."

"Then you really would make a great sacrifice for the sake of doing her a service, though she has offended you?"

"Of course I would. Anybody would. How could I bear the idea of being under such obligation to her now? And then, having to leave her! Oh, it is bitter!"

"After all, then, it is not merely for the sake of serving her?"

"Not merely?—not at all, I am afraid. But, oh, please, Colonel Quentin, don't question me, and don't mind what I say."

"Well, this must be thought over. Now, you mind what I say. Do you know that *I* could put you in a position to do Mrs. Lorn a great—a very great service?"

"Could you?"

"Yes; but at a sacrifice——"

"Then I couldn't expect——"

"Miss Aspar, you don't know anything about it—you can't tell what to expect. But this must be thought over. Promise me this—that you wont leave this place, or have any more fights with Selina Lorn, or do anything rash, until I see you again."

"But how long? And how can I tell——"

"Not long. To-morrow, very likely. That isn't much to ask."

"No, indeed; and I have no one to advise me——" and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"Let me advise you, for lack of better. Stay here, and let things pass as they will until I see you again. You will?"

"I will, since you ask me."

"Very well. Now don't let me keep you any longer—I know you want to escape."

She gave him her hand, and then hurried away. She did not think much of his promise, or half-promise, to help her; but his brusque kindness and interest touched her.

Quentin looked after her until the door closed behind her, and then he turned to the large mirror over the chimney-piece, and studied his own face attentively in it, as if it were a picture of which he was the owner, and which had had some damage. Then he turned his back to the mirror, and leaning his shoulders against the chimney-piece, remained thinking and thinking, until

the door opening and the rustle of skirts aroused him, and he saw Mrs. Lorn.

His cold, grim way alarmed her, and she stopped in the middle of the room.

"You have been annoying and offending her to-day," he said, without any manner of salutation or preliminary.

"Offending whom, Philip?"

"Stuff! You know very well. The hated rival, Miss Aspar. What things you women are!—I mean some of you. I don't class *her* with the lot."

"You are polite, Colonel Quentin! Has the young lady been complaining to *you?*" Mrs. Lorn was piqued into showing a gleam of spirit.

"Didn't need any complaints. I saw her, and I knew she had just been with you."

"Philip, you are very cruel to me and very unreasonable, and I can't bear it. I have been very kind to her, and I am fond of the child. It was you who made me bring her here."

"Yes; and I believe I did hold out some temptation to you in the shape of a suggestion that you might torment her. But I didn't know her then: I thought she was the ordinary sort of vain, pretty, and ego-

tistic woman—something like yourself, Mrs. Lorn."

"Thanks for the compliment! Well!—and now?"

"Now I don't think so; and I can't bear the idea of her being tormented by you."

"But I don't torment her—how can you say such things?—I don't torment her. All women like to give each other little thrusts sometimes. It is our way, even when we are fond of each other. I remember, when at school, I had a dear friend, Nellie Semper; we loved each other, and couldn't live without each other; but we used to have little quarrels, and I used to try to make her cry, and I used to delight in seeing her crying. But we always made it up the next day."

"Yes, I dare say. But this is a different sort of girl, and deserves better treatment."

"Philip!" She spoke in a low and gentle tone, and approaching him, she laid a hand upon his arm. "Philip, is it really coming to this? Is the inconsolable becoming consoled? I think it—I do think it! The little witch has conquered you, too!"

Quentin looked at her coldly, and almost sternly.

"You and I, Selina, are not exactly the persons to appreciate a girl like *that*. I feel ashamed and abashed when I stand in her presence. You don't, I know."

"Well, no; women don't impress each other in that kind of way. We never think of each other as goddesses and angels. I didn't fancy even that men did when they had once outgrown their youth. Didn't you think me a goddess once, Philip?"

"I think I did; and yet I don't know how that well could have been, for I saw your follies and faults clearly enough even then."

"If ever woman had her follies and faults flung in her face often enough," Mrs. Lorn said, bitterly, "I have! But never mind me—I am not a goddess now, that much is certain! I thought you had outgrown the time when any woman of any kind could seem angelic in your eyes."

"And so did I," he said, with frank vehemence. "So did I, Selina! I thought nothing on earth could ever make me believe in a woman—in any woman again! And I don't know why I believe in her,

but I do. I think she is all purity and goodness—I think she has heart and brains both! Do you fancy I am turning back again into a school-boy? I do sometimes: I feel all the old enthusiasm and romance and stuff reviving in me when I look at her. You may laugh, Selina, if you like; I am inclined to laugh at myself many a time. But I wish I had lived a better life, and always kept the feelings I started with!"

"This is indeed wonderful," said Selina, with a smile. "Was I not right in calling the girl a little witch?"

"I think you were; she has bewitched me—that's certain."

"Why do you tell *me* all this?"

"I don't know; because you said something which drove me on, perhaps. No, it was not that alone—it was to show you that I will have her treated with consideration at least, if not with some better feeling."

"Good heavens, Philip! Have I shown any want of consideration for the girl? She is only a girl after all—not a divinity."

"You cannot see how there may be divinity in a girl?"

Mrs. Lorn only shrugged her shoulders and glanced at herself in the mirror.

"No; of course not. But be kind to her, Selina, and kindness may beget kindness. She may serve you yet; perhaps she has already served you."

He left her without another word. She heard his slow footstep descending the stairs. She ran to the window and looked out, and saw Quentin mount lightly, with true Virginian ease, the horse which was waiting for him, and then ride slowly away.

"He loves her," she said to herself, as she dreamily gazed after him. "Philip Quentin is in love again, and with *her*. What is in the girl that sets men wild about her? Is it her eyes, or her innocence, or her youth, or what? Oh yes, I know it—he is in love with her! Why, his whole face and manner are changed: he is more like his old self than I have seen him for years. It reminded me of the old time—the old, old time! How often I have stood like this and seen him mount his horse and ride away."

As she returned towards the fireplace she too glanced at the mirror, and saw a

face which looked for the moment quite haggard.

"I am not growing old," she murmured; "I can't be growing old. How do I come to look like *that?*"

Suddenly his parting words rose up in her memory with a kind of light round them.

"I understand it all," she said, eagerly; "he has forgiven me for *her* sake, and I shall have my letters back and be free!"

CHAPTER XI.

TYRONE has been away in Ireland for many days, and Jennie has not heard from him. She knew she was not to hear from him, and had herself begged that for the present, and while she remained under Mrs. Lorn's roof at least, no letter should pass between them. Still it is lonely and sad to be without him, and without knowing anything of him, after those delightful weeks in Hyde Park. Jennie, beleaguered by tormenting little difficulties and trials of temper, yearns for him with unspeakable love, and passion, and pain.

Meanwhile Tyrone is full of energy, good spirits, and hope. Madame Pinel has handed over to him, insisted on handing over to him, the thousand pounds which he advanced when he was in the flush of his early-spent fortune. To do him justice, in all his personal anxieties, he has refused to

take back the money until she has made it clear to him that her house is a success, that she has earned that much money and a great deal more, and that he may fairly accept the repayment of this debt of honour. This, therefore, is the sum of money, the unexpected possession of which made our hero so confident and full of hope. He goes to a bank with which he once used to have dealings, and deposits several hundreds of it there, not to be touched. He has a long talk with Johanna about the widow of his cousin, which ends in the lonely woman being installed with her child in the house, to have Tyrone's rooms at their disposal while he is away, and to remain there until he returns from Ireland and there is time to think of their future. The expense of their rent and living Tyrone of course will pay—he would pay anything in his present mood of hope and pride. He has many long and melancholy talks with his cousin's wife, and they speak of the property which the little girl may perhaps some day come to inherit. Tyrone frankly tells her that he in any case means to forfeit his chance the first moment he can, but meanwhile there is another possibility—

an heir presumptive between Tyrone and the child—and it occurs to Tyrone that if this man could be found anyhow, he might probably be willing to consent to a division of the property between himself and the girl, on condition of Tyrone's putting himself once for all out of the succession. As clearly as he can, Tyrone impresses this upon the widow, and urges her to rouse herself to mental activity for the sake of her child; and she listens calmly and seems to understand.

All this was before Tyrone went over to Ireland. Now he is in Ireland, working hard to pull his affairs together, and see what can be rescued out of the wreck; and he has the comfort of learning that if he had only taken as much personal trouble sooner, something well worth doing might have been done. He is combating Fenianism too with all his might and main, and he finds that it has taken a "powerful grip," as somebody puts it, of the peasant mind, and that the air is filled with vague rumours of an Army of Liberation to land somewhere on the shores of Ireland, and do great things. He finds that his own counsels and measures are falling into a sort

of odium, and he is by no means the popular darling and Irish prince that he once was. There are reports already afloat about what is to happen at the next general election, a disturbing shadow looming up already, and Tyrone receives friendly hints that he may not have a very clear prospect of re-election if he does not conciliate more effectively the sympathies of Fenianism. Whereupon our young hero opposes Fenianism more warmly than ever; and with characteristic impetuosity, having all but made up his mind to resign his seat in Parliament, he declares that now no power on earth shall prevent him from becoming a candidate again at the next election.

Of all this Jennie of course knows nothing. She pined and yearned for her lover. The morning after we last saw her, and after a miserable night, Jennie rose rather late, and had hardly finished dressing, when she was told that her sister Alicia was waiting to see her. Jennie ran downstairs without stopping to finish the arrangement of her hair. She had not seen Alicia for several days, because the Grangers had been in the country, and it seemed to her as if

the events that had meanwhile passed, had made her feel quite old as well as proud. She could not make a confidante of Alicia, but yet to see her and kiss her and talk to her would be a delight.

"Oh, Alicia, how beautiful you look!"

Such was Jennie's involuntary exclamation when she saw her sister. For Alicia, always handsome, was usually rather pale and wanting in expression. To-day, however, there was a faint bright colour upon her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with a peculiar lustre—half proud, half ashamed. Jennie herself looked pale, scared, and haggard, and conveyed the idea of being all eyes.

The sisters had an affectionate embrace.

"But you don't look very well, Jennie?"

"Oh, yes, I'm perfectly well. Don't mind me, dear—I'm all right enough. But how about you? I know you have something to tell me. Nothing bad, I hope and pray?"

"Nothing bad, Jennie—no! Oh, no! But I don't know how you'll take it, dear! I wanted to come and tell you at once. That is why I came so early."

Alicia's manner was calm and composed

and she spoke as deliberately as if she were making a little oration. But she kept her eye fixed on the carpet, and tapped her boot with her parasol, and she did not come to the point at once; that for Alicia might be called embarrassment.

"What is it, Alicia? Tell me at once, dear."

"Well, you know Aunt Granger is very kind, and would be glad to have you with her, and Mrs. Lorn is only a friend——"

"Yes, yes. Well?"

"And then every woman looks forward, I suppose, Jennie darling, to have a home of her own; and a home for me, Jennie, would be a home for you too."

Jennie now began to tremble with sympathy and anxiety. She began to think she knew what was coming. She was on the point of bursting out with, "Captain Cadsby!" but luckily she checked herself in good time.

"Well, dear, you know he was very kind and attentive, and all that, but of course I hadn't the least idea of anything of the sort. It never could have occurred to anybody—to Aunt Lucy, she says, or any one. And it was only yesterday that—that——"

"That he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, darling. It took me by surprise——"

"Did it? It doesn't take me by surprise. I thought of it long ago."

"Did you, really? I never did. Because of course it's a great honour, and I'm quite willing, and very proud and glad; but Mr. Prinker isn't young, and nobody imagined——"

"Mr. Prinker? Mr. Prinker?"

"Yes, dear. Whom were you thinking of?"

"Oh, nobody—I don't know. Then Mr. Prinker has asked you to marry him?" This was said very blankly.

"Yesterday—only yesterday. Oh, Jennie, in the nicest, kindest way."

"That old man?" said Jennie, in a doleful voice, into which she could not for the moment infuse any tincture of gladness.

"Well, of course he is not young. He spoke in the kindest way about his age. I am so much obliged to him—I like him so much."

"Then you will marry him?" asked Jennie, dolorously. "Have you thought

of it, Alicia? You are so young and handsome. He is old. Why, he must be fifty!"

"More than that, dear — fifty-six, he told me."

"Oh, Alicia, darling, I think I wouldn't —oh, indeed I wouldn't."

"Well, I have not exactly promised. But I do like him, Jennie, and I feel very grateful to him. And then, do you know, he doesn't seem so old to me. I think I was always ever so much older than you, Jennie, and I never had your romantic ways and love of poetry and art, and that. I don't think I ever could be in love—in the way people are in books. Do you think you could be?"

If Alicia had only had a little perception, just a little, she would have read an answer in Jennie's kindling eyes and crimsoning cheeks. Alas! the younger sister had plunged into the very whirlpool of love. The way people are in books? No, indeed! Jennie proudly thought. She had never yet read anything in books which was like *that* emotion.

Alicia, however, was only thinking of her own prospects. Not at all in an egotistical

way, for her mind was greatly occupied by the thought that her marrying Mr. Prinker would secure a home for Jennie until Jennie should be carried off by some magnificent youth—rich, handsome, tall, and in all respects worthy of her. Let us say, then, that Alicia was too much engrossed in forecasting the happiness of everybody from her own point of view to take much heed of any other point of view. Jennie's emotion passed, therefore, unseen by her.

"Well, Alicia, darling, if your mind is made up—if you really think you could be happy——"

"I know I could. I have thought of it."

"Oh, dear, how strange! How unlike what we might have imagined! Mr. Prinker! What on earth could have made him think of asking so young a woman to marry him? If it was Aunt Lucy now——"

"Oh, Jennie, don't—for shame!"

"Yes, I suppose so. Very well. But what does Aunt Lucy say?"

"She was a little surprised, of course; but she thinks it quite a good thing. He is an excellent man, and of course he is

very rich; and do you know, Jennie, I have been taken with quite a terror of poverty lately—since—you know."

"Yes; one gets demoralized by panic, I suppose," poor Jennie assented, sadly. "Then Aunt Lucy advises this, and Mr. Granger, though I don't care much for his opinion?"

"They all advise it, dear; they are quite rejoiced at it, and offer me congratulations and all that, as if I ought to be the happiest girl in the land. And I am happy, Jennie—really and truly I am."

"I am glad. I am so glad! At least I shall be glad when I come to think it over wisely, and see it in Aunt Lucy's light. But Mr. Prinker! And you are looking so handsome and young——"

"*You* think so, Jennie, but others may not, you know. Then look what we are—two poor girls without any money——"

"And daughters of a bankrupt moneylender, darling, as I have discovered lately."

"I hope, Jennie, we are not the worse for that?"

"I hope not, dear. But I wish we had only known the truth in time. We might have learned how to do something for our

support, and not be driven to live like paupers and dependents, or else to marry the first old man who honours us by an offer. Oh, forgive me, my dear, dear sister, for such words! You know my old wickedness and my dreadful tongue. It's only because I am so fond of you; and I am sorry you are not to marry some one whom you could love."

"But, Jennie, I don't love any one in that way—I never did, and I am sure I never could. If all the unmarried men I know were to ask me at one moment, and I had to choose, I think I should be as likely to take Mr. Prinker as any."

"Very well," said Jennie, wearily rising from the half-kneeling position in which she had thrown herself by her sister's chair, where she leant fondly on Alicia's knees, "very well, Alicia. I suppose it is all for the best, and that you will be happy. I couldn't live without love—strong, deep love! I had rather be dead, dead, dead, a thousand times. I'd rather leap into a gulf with somebody I loved. Oh, I think I should like *that* of all things; it would be the best way out of every trouble!"

"Why, Jennie, you talk wildly, child."

"Do I, dear? Then I wont any more. I give you my congratulations, oh my dear sister, and I pray that you may be happy!"

She kissed Alicia wildly, passionately, with choking tears and strong tempestuous emotions which she could hardly have herself explained. She was in grief for Alicia's choice. She was excited by her own love and her present loneliness, and the knowledge that she could not tell of her emotions. She walked to the window, turned her back upon her sister, and put her hand to her eyes and shut out the light for a moment. And in that moment she saw all the past and the present — the strange secluded childhood of herself and her sister; her father's fall and ruin and death; Alicia's sacrifice; her own passionate love; and she seemed, she knew not why, to see for both of them a sad and loveless future.

"There!" she said, returning to Alicia, who was somewhat bewildered by all this, "there! I think that's over, Alicia, and I'll try not to make a fool of myself any more. When is this to be, dear?"

"To be—what, Jennie?"

"Oh, the marriage, of course. It can't be very soon, I suppose?"

"No, it can't be very soon, of course, with poor papa so lately buried." And Alicia's gentle tears welled up. "But Aunt Lucy thinks there is no use in putting a thing off too far, and she disapproves strongly of long engagements."

Jennie could not help thinking that perhaps Mr. Prinker had not much time to spare, but she took care to utter no hint of that kind.

"Then, Jennie, you know that of course you will come and live with *us*. You will have a home with us—Mr. Prinker is very fond of you—until you are married. I'm only afraid, my Jennie, that we shan't have you very long."

Jennie looked blankly at her.

"You have admirers, I can tell you, who don't make any secret to *me*. I don't know what *you* think of it, or whether you have ever thought of it at all; but I dare say you will have to think of it before very long. I haven't said a word to Aunt Lucy, of course, but as he comes very often, and always talks about *you*, I fancy she can't help conjecturing something."

"Then, dear, she has ever so much the advantage of *me*, for I am sure I can't conjecture anything."

"No!—and you see him so often?"

"At Aunt Lucy's?"

"Well, yes; you have seen him at Aunt Lucy's too, and elsewhere."

"Why, Alicia, I never meet anybody at Aunt Lucy's but Mr. Prinker—and, oh yes—and Colonel Quentin."

"Well, dear?"

"Well, what is well?"

"You speak of Colonel Quentin. Why not he?"

"Oh, please Alicia, don't talk nonsense—don't, it makes me quite uncomfortable. Colonel Quentin never thought of anything of the kind; it never entered into his mind; it couldn't—it's quite impossible!"

The bare suggestion dismayed and almost bewildered Jennie. But she thrust it out of her way in a moment. The thing couldn't be, and there was an end of it. Alicia was always taking it into her head that people must be in love with her Jennie.

"Very well," said Alicia, smiling mildly with beneficent and superior wisdom.

"Time will tell, Jennie; we shall see." Alicia had already adopted some of the patronizing and almost maternal tone of superiority with which the young lady who is engaged feels herself entitled to treat the young lady not yet engaged. Then she presently took her leave, after having made Jennie promise to come over to Aunt Lucy's that evening and talk matters over. When Jennie kissed her sister's red lips, an odd, almost unaccountable feeling of repulsion ran shuddering through her. She shook it off at once, for it meant that she could not bear the idea of dry and elderly Mr. Prinker having the right to kiss those lips.

"I suppose it's all for the best," Jennie said to herself again and again, always very sadly; "but it looks shocking. To be sure, Alicia never had any of my romantic nonsense about her. She will be happy, I dare say. But is that kind of thing marriage? Why *must* women marry? Why can't we learn to work for our living? Why are we all brought up so?"

These questions were thrust sharply under Jennie's notice of late; for having vowed not to be a dependent, it became

necessary to think how she was to become independent while her lover was shaping his career. She was resolved to earn a living meanwhile, but when she came to think how it was to be done, the way seemed to darken with increasing difficulties. She was a clever and shrewd little girl, with all her romance and passion, and she felt convinced she could do half the things that men do just as well as most men, if only she had learned how to do them. But then she had learned nothing of the kind. Alicia could play the piano infinitely better, and Alicia would make a capital housekeeper for some rich and lazy lady. Jennie was not much good at housekeeping. That sort of thing is not learned by rocking, like Victor Hugo's *Sara la baigneuse*, in the branches of a tree. Jennie had spent hours of late surveying and reviewing her own accomplishments, and she had been driven to the conclusion that they did not form a very superior outfit for a practical career in life. Let us make an inventory of her stock and appraise it, as she did.

Jennie could ride a pony capitally.

She could walk many miles.

She could climb a tree, only for the long skirts, and if nobody was looking.

She could play the piano, badly.

She could play the harp, unscientifically, but with a certain wild and thrilling skill, just the kind of performance which genteel mammas would rather their daughters did not learn.

She could talk to anybody, and liked to talk to everybody, except to a fashionable and commonplace person.

She had read most of the fine modern poems, and the best novels of England, France, and Germany. She was very fond of Richter and of George Sand. She was fond of reading history, and especially Carlyle. She really loved Shakespeare, a thing that very few women do; and she was willing to confess that she didn't care about Milton except for little bits here and there.

She could sing, to please herself.

She was not much good at sewing, hated crochet, and was a very bad hand at arithmetic. Her figures hardly ever would add up.

She had a contempt for croquêt.

Finally, she was rather too quick and

impatient to make a good teacher of anything, however well she knew it, except under remarkably favourable conditions: she was profoundly in love, perplexed in the extreme, and alternating between despondency and elation.

One should be hopeful indeed to see any ready way to independence, opening out of such qualifications as these. Jennie had to confess to herself, amid all her mourning over the fate of Alicia, that there was a certain sense of relief in having the prospect of a temporary home open to her, while she could look about a little. For with all her sense of her imperfections, she had far too much spirit not to think that there must be some way in which a resolute and intelligent woman could earn her bread. She had read ever so often, in novels, about gifted and destitute heroines who, driven to their last resources, had taken their drawings to picture-shops, and after several rebuffs, had at last found the appreciative shopkeeper who discerned at a glance the value of those masterpieces of amateur art, and bought them at any price and kept on buying them until the time when the conditions of the story allowed

the hero—now rich—to come forward and claim his bride. Jennie used to draw and paint at one time, and in a burst of hope she pulled out a lot of her handiwork and gazed at the specimens. In all her anxiety she could not help laughing at the pink-and-white cheeks of the lovely women, the limbs of the animals, the curling moustache of the heroes, the gummy smoothness of every surface, the careful distinctness of every outline. She had not looked over these things for years, and once she used to think they were well done. They did her good now, for they made her laugh in spite of herself.

"The appreciative purchaser can't be found for these even in a madhouse," she said. And she laid them tenderly on the fire.

Meanwhile, Jennie was firmly resolved not to remain under Mrs. Lorn's roof longer than that night, come what would; and as she had money (her share of Tyrone's repudiated property) she did not see why a lodging, for which she could pay, might not be found somewhere for her. Of course, such a proposal would be met with horror by Aunt Lucy, and of

course there would be room and a welcome for her at Aunt Lucy's as long as she chose. But, in truth, Jennie anticipated so much objection and argument from Aunt Lucy to any proposal that one of her nieces should earn a temporary living, and she saw so much ignoble inquiry and discussion looming up when Tyrone's proposal and his affairs should begin to be talked of, that she positively longed to plunge at once into independence, and be done with all protection and all advice. Her heart sickened at the thought of the scrutiny and comment to which her hero must be exposed in her hearing, when Aunt Lucy and Mr. Granger and their friends should begin to talk the matter over. It is needless to say that Tyrone's personal pride had never been a secret to the girl who loved him so, and who feared that she would have enough to do to reconcile him to the idea of her striving to keep herself in independence while he worked his way towards fortune and fame. Jennie thought over this with many sad misgivings. She was growing preternaturally wise in her love. "It will take him a year at least," she thought, "to put his affairs in

any order, and prepare for a new career. During that time, only think of his being every day—in his absence and in my presence—subjected to the wondering criticisms and speculations of Aunt Lucy! I never could keep my temper—never, never! And yet if I were living, a dependant upon her? No, no, let the difficulty be never so great of persuading Tyrone, it would be less great than the pain and humiliation of enduring Aunt Lucy. I wish I could run away," our perplexed heroine thought, "and hide myself in the depths of, say Islington or Clerkenwell, and come back exactly at the right time!"

Perhaps it was after the exquisite delights of her two Paradise-mornings in the Persian-heaven of Hyde Park, that these little realities of vexation, embarrassment, and uncertainty made themselves seem so very trying. Jennie scolded herself for being so weak, and then leant her head upon her hand, and thought if she could only see him for a moment again and hear him speak, she would be strong and brave enough for anything. She was surprised and frightened to find, that love itself was not enough to sustain one always in the

absence of the loved one. A month ago she would have thought that the possession of his love could have upborne her against years of separation. Now, he had been away a few days, and she felt herself sinking and sickening in his absence.

She began, however, to do something—to pack up her things and make ready for her departure. Meanwhile, she felt the strangest, saddest weight upon her because of Alicia's marriage. In vain she told herself that it would just suit Alicia. She could only think of her sister as about to be buried. Little kindnesses done and said by Alicia—some, years ago when they were children, some last month, came up to her mind every now and then, bringing with them that keen pang of grief which runs through us when we recall to recollection some tender word or loving look of one who has died and left us.

Jennie had been up so early, that she seemed to have been stirring half the day when breakfast-time came. Mrs. Lorn, as usual, did not appear at the table. Theodore, as usual, came to breakfast with a book in his hand, and favoured Jennie with readings therefrom, in the course of which

he frowned and puckered up his lips, and rolled his eyes and clenched his fist in unconscious dramatic illustration of his author's powerful passages. Jennie was hypocrite enough to encourage and prolong the recitation, by looks and ejaculations of approval and admiration; for she did not want to talk. But she did not succeed, for Theodore suddenly put down his book, and abruptly asked—

"Were you ever in Ireland, Jennie?"

"Never, Theodore,"—with a faint rising blush.

"Nor I; but I'm going soon."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; Tyrone's going to take me. He couldn't this time, but next time, I think. He's going to take me when there's an election somewhere. I should like to see an election in Ireland. Such jolly fun, you know!"

"I suppose so," (rather blankly).

"You wouldn't be afraid, Jennie? Not you—you are not that sort, a bit! Mamma says *she* would be afraid. But mamma isn't going, anyhow. I say, Jennie! don't you think Tyrone's greatly changed of late?"

"I have not known Mr. Tyrone a very long time, dear." (Thinking in her own

mind that she only seemed to have begun life when she first knew him.)

"Ah, then you wouldn't notice! Awfully changed, I think."

"In what way, Theodore?"

"Well, he's got so grave, and kind of melancholy, and doesn't go about much. Cadsby says he hardly ever meets him anywhere now; sowing his wild oats a little too fast, Cadsby says; overdoing the thing. But Cadsby's a fool, you know," Theodore added, decisively.

"Captain Cadsby is not very brilliant or wise, I fancy," said Jennie, viciously.

"No; but there's something up with Tyrone, though, you bet—I mean I am sure there is, Jennie. Mamma thinks so, too. Should you think he was hard up, Jennie?"

"Hard up, dear?"

"In a tight place, you know—money, and that? *I* am afraid so," said Theodore, shaking his head with sad wisdom. "I'm so sorry—he's real splendid; too splendid for anything," the boy added, his reminiscences of American phraseology now and then forming a sort of mosaic with his London-acquired slang. "Fact is, Jennie, Tyrone isn't a man who can get on without

lots of money, I'm afraid. I don't suppose I could either. I wish he had a lot of money! Yes; he's going to take me over to Ireland with him one of these days. He has a castle there—ruined, you know."

"Ruined, I suppose," said Jennie, with a half sigh, which was instantly driven away by the thought that if he had a castle which was not ruined he might perhaps never have been thrown in her way.

"Do you know, Jennie, that he had an ancestor—it must have been an ancestor of his, surely—a great Tyrone, who once defeated the English?"

Jennie was not strong in Irish history, and didn't know.

"Oh, yes! Where do you think I found it out? In 'Rokeby,'—Scott, you know—in the notes. Listen here." He ran for the book. "'The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English, was in a battle fought near Blackwater.' Scott himself says that, and then he quotes from some old history by an English writer; queer old spelling—you must look at it, Jennie, to see how it is spelt—'When the English entered the place, and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone, with all

the rebels assembled to him, pricked forward with rage, envy, and settled rancour against the Marshall, assayled the English, and, turning his full force against the Marshall's person, had the success to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon, the English being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I term it great, since the English, from their first arrival in that kingdom, never had received so great an overthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater.' And a lot more about it, you see. I must ask Tyrone. I suppose it was an ancestor of his?"

"I suppose it was, Theodore."

"But, Jennie," said the boy, "you're not offended, surely? Of course I oughtn't to have read that to you."

Jennie looked up, colouring and confused.

"Because, of course, an English girl wouldn't like to hear of any one defeating the English."

"It's a long time ago," said Jennie, greatly relieved, "and I don't think I mind it much, Theodore."

"I'm glad of that. Of course, in any

case, you wouldn't have any ill-feeling to Tyrone—our Tyrone—about it?"

"None at all, dear. I'm sure it wasn't his fault; and anyhow, I forgive him."

"Come now, I like that! We mustn't keep up these old hatreds, you know. No Tyrone has conquered *you*, Jennie! You don't hate our Tyrone, I am sure."

In the middle of their talk a card was brought for Jennie. She could not help reddening as she took it. It was from Colonel Quentin.

Theodore brusquely took it up.

"Oh, I say!" he broke out, "*you* wont see that beastly cad? It's mamma he wants, I suppose, not you, Jennie; and mamma isn't up yet. Send him away—not at home —anything you like."

"No, dear," replied Jennie; "it's to see me, and not your mamma, Colonel Quentin has come this time."

"But you don't want to see him, I know."

"Indeed I do, though."

Theodore made a gesture of impatience and discontent, and ejaculated his familiar remonstrance, "Oh, I say!"

"Come, Theodore, you ought not to be

so prejudiced against Colonel Quentin. A philosopher, like you, ought to be above prejudices. Anyhow, dear, I must see him now."

"You wont be long?"

"I think not; I don't want a very long interview."

"No, I should think you didn't! Coming back to this room, Jennie?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then I'll wait for you."

So Jennie went her way, thinking with pain of having to leave Theodore, and grieved even to have to tell him of the parting; and at the same time a little embarrassed, for several reasons, about her meeting with Quentin. Our little maid paused for a moment on the threshold of the drawing-room, where she was to see him—a room which seemed dedicated for her to exciting interviews and unexpected announcements. She paused a moment to collect her senses. Of late she had had occasion more than once to make up her mind quickly, and the practice proved useful this time.

A kind of light came over Quentin's dark face when he saw her.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, at once, with hardly any formal salutation, "for taking my advice, and not leaving this house without a little consideration. I don't know whether you allowed the sun to go down upon your anger."

"I hadn't any anger in this instance—none, I assure you! I was a little disappointed, and I could not go on acting as if things were different."

"Then you have made up your mind?"

"I have, indeed."

"You are going away?"

"Yes, Colonel Quentin."

"May I ask where?"

"You may ask, and I wish I could answer; but I don't know—yet."

"When and where are you to know?"

"To-night, perhaps. I am going to see my sister, at Mrs. Granger's, and talk things over."

"Well, you will be cared for, no doubt. But you spoke yesterday of being under obligation—or at least, feeling some sense of obligation—to Mrs. Lorn, and I offered to put in your hands the means of redeeming any such obligation tenfold, twenty-fold——"

"You did; and it was kind and generous of you. But I have thought that matter over, Colonel Quentin, already; and I know that I mustn't avail myself of your kindness."

"But you don't even know what I would ask you to do!"

"No; and I think I had better not know."

"You can't suppose I would ask you to do anything which could place you in any disagreeable position?"

"Indeed I don't; but I had rather get out of this dilemma as I have got into it, my own way, Colonel Quentin."

"You don't like the idea of being mixed up in any sort of co-partnership with *me?*"

"I don't like the idea of being mixed up in any sort of co-partnership with anybody," Jennie answered, with a smile.

"Even for a generous purpose?"

"Even for a generous purpose when it isn't mine, and can be carried out much better without me. Is it in your power greatly to serve and oblige Mrs. Lorn? Then why not do so, and have the reward for your own heart as well as the good purpose?"

"Because," he said, coolly, "I don't care one single rush about serving *her*, but much about pleasing you. Have you not even enough of a woman's curiosity to wish to know what kind of service this is which I propose that you shall render to our dear friend upstairs?"

"Oh, I have curiosity enough to serve for any woman," said Jennie, faintly blushing, "but I don't care to know anything about this little mystery. I heard you say once, Colonel Quentin, that women are wanting in a sense of honour—towards each other, at all events. Well, now, I think it is something like a sense of honour which tells me not to ask what all this is, or to have anything to do with it without the knowledge of Mrs. Lorn."

"Then if the sword were suspended over your friend's head you would not withdraw it, if you had a chance, until you had first obtained her consent to be saved?"

"I don't know; I can't argue; I can't explain; and metaphors and analogies only bewilder me. But I see this much clearly enough, that this mysterious service can be rendered to Mrs. Lorn much better by you, who know all about it, than by me, who

know nothing, and that I mustn't act blindfold. There, now, will you, like a good friend, not ask me any more about it?"

"Very well. It will come to the same thing. *You* only, and not I, will have done her the service all the same. Now, as I have given you your own way, listen to me for a moment. One of the motives I had in coming to this country was to punish that wretched woman. I was madly in love with her once, and she fooled me to the top of my bent, played with me, and threw me away. I despised and hated her, all the more because in my first rage I degraded myself. Well, I had the means of punishing her by standing between her and her dearest hope. I believe she is really and truly in love now, and I could spoil her whole game at any moment. Do you see that bundle of letters?"—and he produced a thick packet—"Any one of these would ruin her to-day in the eyes of the man she has set her heart on. Mind, she was never a bad woman: only a fool, who must always carry on the most harmless flirtation in the language of Indiana or Lucrezia Floriani."

"But I don't want to hear all this. I

have no right to hear it. It is wrong of you to tell it to me."

"Well, right or wrong, that was my purpose—that was my plan of revenge. Then, when I changed that, I still meant to forward other plans—plans of my own—by her aid and to force her to do my bidding by this terror held over her."

"Oh, for shame! How could you do anything so cruel and mean? I cannot believe it of you."

"Can't you? You don't know how one grows mean who has loved mean things! I do. No matter. I change my purpose wholly. I shall not persecute her any more. Take that packet and give it to her, and tell her it is given up for your sake alone." He offered her the letters.

"Not I," said Jennie, composedly. "Do the right thing yourself manfully. How little you must know of women, Colonel Quentin, when you could seriously make such a proposal! Don't you see that any woman of spirit would only hate me if I made myself the bearer of such a message? I feel that the cruellest and wickedest blow I could inflict on one who has been so kind to me would be to go to her with a message

like that. I am ashamed to have heard even so much, and my heart is only filled with pity for her. How can you be so hard if you ever really cared for her?"

"You don't know," he replied, angrily, "what it is to be disappointed and fooled! You don't know what it is to waste years and years of love on a wretched, worthless thing, and only to be flung away in the end. If ever you *do* know it——"

"If ever I do," said Jennie, turning pale and preparing to quit the room, "I shall pray to Heaven to leave me my self-respect even if everything else is gone. Good-bye, Colonel Quentin."

"Stay; don't go yet. I want to speak to you. Yes, I want to speak to you very earnestly indeed, but not about *that* any more. Miss Aspar, I have led rather a wild life, but I am not a bad man. I have begun of late to see a new existence opening up to me, perhaps. I have some brains and ambition, and I am not poor; and I have strange, splendid prospects. Such a man as I might still have a career before him, might he not?"

"Surely he might."

"I am not too old. Come, tell me, am

I?—am I?" He spoke with unusual impatience.

"The idea's absurd. Why should you ask me?"

"But tell me."

"Of course you are not too old."

"Then perhaps I am not too old for you to care for me, to think of me as a husband?" He caught her hand before she could prevent him. "Jennie, I love you! You are the only woman I could love. I never thought I could have such a feeling again."

Jennie made no unseemly struggle to withdraw her hand. Instinctive good sense and propriety told her that with so sudden and impetuous a lover composure and self-restraint were her best assurances.

"I did not expect this, Colonel Quentin."

"I know. How should you? You are not one of the women who spend their hours in idly speculating on the meaning of every man who approaches them with a civil word. You thought I was only a friend."

"I did, indeed!"

"You were mistaken, Jennie. I am a lover! I ask you to be my wife! I see in you all the capacity and spirit and force

of character that the fools we meet in society never could understand. I feel that with you life would be worth having. Be my wife, Jennie! I pledge myself to make you a husband of whom you shall never be ashamed. Be my wife."

His eyes gleamed like coals, and his hand which still held hers, trembled through all its sinewy fingers.

"I cannot, Colonel Quentin—I cannot, indeed. Oh, how I wish you had never asked me! Why did you destroy our friendship? I liked you as a friend."

"You must be my wife, Jennie."

"Never, Colonel Quentin."

He smiled grimly.

"Why not? You will say you don't love me. You needn't tell me that. I know you don't love me in that romantic sort of way. But I have passed the age when one thinks a girl's first love eternal, Jennie. I am content to wait for your love. It will grow; it *shall* grow. I want a companion and an equal. So do you."

She shook her head.

"I don't want anything, Colonel Quentin, and I never could marry unless——"

"You needn't go over all that. I know

it already. I can wait. What can a girl like you do drifting about London?"

"Then would you really be content to marry a girl who only married you to save herself from the necessity of earning her living? If I were a man I would rather die than take a woman on terms like that."

"I'll take *you* on any terms, I don't care what, because you are worth buying at any price—and the rest would come. I tell you, Jennie, if you married me, you would come to love me in the end, and I could wait. You are not offended?"

"I am not offended," said Jennie, sadly; "perhaps I ought to be. I'm sure I don't know. I don't know what the right sort of thing is for a girl to do, and I can only follow just the impulse of my heart, and I don't see why I should be offended. I don't even mind your calling me by my name, for I am sure you don't mean to offend me, and I am only sorry for this! I suppose you are sincere in what you say, Colonel Quentin, and I am deeply grateful, indeed, indeed I am. But oh, please, don't let us speak of this any more! I can't marry you —ever. You can easily get a better wife

anywhere. But don't think of me. It never can be."

"I don't ask why," he said, "although perhaps I can guess. But I am not discouraged, and I think only the better of *you*. Perhaps you will think the better of me when you find—as I once found—how utterly unworthy is the person to whom you would give your love——"

"Hush, Colonel Quentin! Not a word more, or I shall hold you to be an enemy, and hate you."

He only smiled.

"I don't want to pain you or vex you," he said, "but I should not think your hate of to-day the worst possible omen for the future. Well, Miss Aspar, since it seems to distress you, I will withdraw my suit, for the present. Let us be friends again."

"I don't know—I fear that can hardly be. I wish you had not spoken——"

"Come," he said, with a sort of good-humoured brusqueness, "you are not the silly girl to think yourself bound always to keep at daggers drawn with a man merely because he has asked you to marry him, and you wouldn't. If anybody is

aggrieved, I am. You ought to ask me to forgive you."

"So I do, with all my heart. There!"

"And I forgive you with all my heart. There!"

"And you wont, any more——"

"Not now, at all events. Come, no turning pale and trembling! The thing is all in your own hands. I can't force you to marry me if you are unwilling. I am not an Obi man, as the negroes would say. I can't use magic! My meeting you now and then can't make you fall in love with me, I suppose, or marry me unless you like. But I can't afford to lose your friendship. Come, give me your hand."

She gave him her hand, not quite without reluctance. He fastened his glittering eyes upon her, and there was an odd exultant light in them.

"The world comes to him who waits," he said. "I'll wait! Anyhow, Miss Aspar, you have done some good this morning for your friend upstairs."

He had left the room before—having looked down to avoid the glitter of his eyes—she had ventured to look up again.

In the corridor he met Theodore, who

was growing impatient of Jennie's absence.

"See here, my little man," Quentin said, taking him by the collar, and turning him round so that he could look in his face. "Will you just give that packet to your dear mamma, and say I sent it to her at Miss Jennie Aspar's special request?"

"I don't generally carry messages," Theodore replied, extricating himself angrily. "You had better speak to one of the servants."

"Civil little boy! But your mamma wouldn't like this to be entrusted to any servant, my young friend, nor would Miss Jennie."

"Put it there!" said Theodore, pointing grandly to a table. "If it is from Jennie——"

"It is, I assure you. That's another thing, I suppose?"

"Quite another thing. Good morning."

Colonel Quentin laughed and went downstairs. When he had gone, Theodore took the packet to his mother.

Jennie was still standing by the fireplace, wondering whether she really was

now released from her strange admirer, wondering what was to come next, when a rushing of trailing skirts was heard, and Mrs. Lorn, in the picturesque dishabille of a crimson cashmere morning gown, loose around her white neck, and with her hair falling over her shoulders, swam into the room, flung herself on Jennie, and clasped the girl to her breast.

"Oh, you sweet, sweet darling girl! Oh, you truest, best of friends! Oh, you love, to whom I was so ungrateful in my soul! Jennie, Jennie, my darling, you have saved me!"

CHAPTER XII.

Colonel Quentin crossed the Park and emerged on Piccadilly, and walked thoughtfully along that street, down St. James's Street, and into Pall Mall. He was smoking, and looked grave and even grim. He met several acquaintances, but he did not stop to speak to any one; only saluted and passed on. Quentin had already a great many acquaintances in London.

About midway along Pall Mall, as he went towards Trafalgar Square, Quentin stopped at a house on his left, the side of the street which was not that of the great clubs. This was a house divided into offices. On the ground floor was a Wine Company; on the basement floor a Patent Scouring-sand Company; on that which would in a private house be called the drawing-room floor, were the offices of the New Potosi (Arizona) Mining Company, London

Agency, West End Branch. These were the offices of Colonel Quentin, who had thus set himself up as the London agency of the Company, and was working the business pretty vigorously. The offices consisted of a room looking on Pall Mall, which was that of Quentin himself; a clerk's or secretary's office; and a small reception room. Quentin still lived at the Langham, and had inaugurated the London agency of the New Potosi Mining Company by various dinners, champagne luncheons, and other festivities there, whereby he had made a good many acquaintances, and was becoming popular among certain sets of people. Mr. Prinker was one of those whom Quentin specially impressed, and who took a liking to him. Prinker was first drawn towards Quentin by the contrast between him and his boisterous companion, General Macan. Then he began to admire Quentin's unvarying temperance and general discretion, and at last he grew to have a considerable faith in him. Quentin was often seen in the lobby of the House of Commons with Mr. Prinker, and through the latter came to know several other Members of Parliament, and

through some of these a few journalists.

Colonel Quentin, still with his cigar, sat at his desk in his office, and began to open and read his letters. But his mind was all disturbed and astray. An untoward event had broken through the orderly course of all his plans and calculations. He had come over to London in the full belief that he had outlived all the passion of youthful romance, and behold he now found that fire had only gained strength with his manhood. He had been foiled by a bright-eyed girl; he was wildly in love with Jennie Aspar, and having fought long against the madness and found that he could not crush it, he had now set his whole soul on gratifying it, and was as yet convinced that he must succeed. Poor Quentin had led really a very lonely sort of life, and being full of passion had had it all smouldering and banked up within him so sullenly, that even he believed it dead. Now it had all blazed out; he felt it like a paroxysm, like a rush of blood to the head. His Southern nature and the fervour of his mother's temperament were in him. He tried to give himself still the

credit for ambition and good sense, by persuading himself that Jennie Aspar was just the woman who could help him on his career, but he knew in his soul how poor an afterthought this was; and that he was mad to have her just because he loved her, and for no other reason. But he was as yet bewildered and dismayed by the strength of the passion which had broken out in him; as a man habitually sober, who has incautiously drunk too much wine, is amazed and shocked to find that his reason and his power of speech have nearly left him, while he has still reason enough to know that they are vanishing, and that he is not himself.

To-day Quentin is specially excited, for he has committed himself to Jennie Aspar, and his egotism, vanity, and weakness insist that as he has shown his hand, he must win the game. Passionately in love with her as he is, his egotism can still assert itself, and cause him to vow that he is not to be played with by a girl *this* time! and that he is bound to win. As yet, though he sees some of the difficulties, he believes he must win.

Colonel Quentin is not very long over

his letters, when he is told that a lady wishes particularly to speak to him. A quivering light of surprise passes over his rigid face; but then he grows cool and blank again, for he knows it cannot possibly be Jennie Aspar. So he bids that the lady be shown up, and he rises to receive her, and she proves to be Mrs. Lorn. He is not rejoiced. They are left alone.

"Philip, you wonder that I have come to disturb you. You don't want me, I know; but I had to come; I must get your advice, and I must thank you. So I came all alone, and in a hansom cab! Think of it, Philip!"

"Of the cab, Mrs Lorn?"

"No, no—you know; of my strange escapade!"

"I fancy Pall Mall is pretty safe in the daylight," Colonel Quentin answered; "and even if the cabman should prove a Lothario, there are generally policemen round." He was in no humour for anybody's romance but his own.

"Philip! Well, I see you don't value any appeal of mine; but I must thank you all the same."

"Can't you thank me sitting down?" He hands her a chair.

"Thanks. I am so grateful to you, Philip, for my letters—my poor, foolish, schoolgirl letters! Ah, how weak and fond I was then! And now all so changed! How hard we have all grown," and she shrugged her shoulders, although they were covered now by a lace shawl and a Cashmere dress. "But there is something else. I know you do not care for thanks. This girl is leaving me."

"Miss Aspar?"

"Jennie Aspar; yes, did you know? The ungrateful little thing!"

"I knew she was going away from you."

"Did she tell you so?"

"She did."

"Why, Philip! Are you on such terms, already?"

"Miss Aspar told me she was leaving your house. I advised her to do so."

"And you compelled me to receive her."

"I did; but I had other views then. I shouldn't like a girl in whom I had any great interest to be under your care, Selina. You are too weak and spiteful, and too

fond of reading French novels and talking about them. You don't suit her."

"Has she been saying all this—to you?"

"Not a word of it."

"How came you and she to talk of *me*, at all?" Mrs. Lorn asked with quivering lips and reddening cheeks.

"In fact we did not talk much of you, Selina; but you and I don't intend to quarrel, anyhow."

"Then you wish me to let this girl go?"

"Why, certainly. What control could you wish to have over her?"

"But I don't understand this. I should like to serve you if I could—I should indeed, Philip, and I thought you wished me to keep her under my own influence?"

"Not now, Selina."

"Tell me one thing, Philip. Do you mean to marry this girl?"

"I do, if I can."

"But you always called her—you know—it is humiliating to me to say it."

"Say it out, Selina; never mind the humiliation before *me*."

"You always called her my hated rival, and laughed at me."

"Well?"

"Well, if she was then my hated rival, who now is your hated rival?"

Quentin smiled.

"Do you think, Mrs. Lorn, I haven't looked all that plain and squarely in the face? Do you think I don't know as well as if she told me that she's in love with your Tyrone, or thinks she is? I do know it, but I am not discouraged. You and I, my dear Selina, know what the value of a girl's first love is. I hope to persuade her to get over that. I hope *you* may have as good a chance, Selina, in your case."

Mrs. Lorn rose with an emotional rustle of skirts.

"You go on, Colonel Quentin," she said, "as if I were likely to pursue Mr. Tyrone."

"And don't you intend to?" Quentin asked, quite gravely; "I really thought you did. For my own sake I hope you do; I have my own stake in the game, as you know, and you see I have left you quite free to your captivation. I have no longer any hold over you."

"Philip, I wish you did not speak of things in that degrading way."

"Well, I go in for realities, and I have allowed you to see plainly enough what *I* am trying to do. But if you like to wrap things up in pretty sentimental vagueness you can do so for yourself. Now, Selina, listen. You can help me, and I am helping you in trying to help myself. Let me tell you some news. Your friend, Mr. Tyrone, is in love with Miss Aspar."

Selina covered her face with her perfumed handkerchief.

"You know it, do you?" he asked, impatiently.

"Oh, I fear it is true! I hate the little creature, and I hate myself for being so weak, and you, Philip Quentin, for knowing it! Well, I suppose he is, but it can't last long, that kind of thing! He is young and the girl is pretty—that I admit. I can wait; let him make love to her! Perhaps, Colonel Quentin, it is more your affair than mine."

Quentin looked at her with a very peculiar expression, and her angry eyes drooped under his. His look was one which carried

with it a sting of contempt, worse for a woman than a blow.

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Lorn," he said, coldly; "your friend has asked Miss Aspar to marry him."

"It is a lie!" she exclaimed, flinging her crumpled handkerchief on the table as if she were throwing it in somebody's face. "It's a lie, if she says so—if anybody says so; he never did!"

"*She* never said so; but it's true for all that, Mrs. Lorn. I know it as well as if I made one of the tête-a-tête."

"How do you know?"

"A dozen things tell me; her looks, her expression at certain moments of our conversation, her manner when I spoke of him, or, rather, in the remotest way alluded to him; and I know that they have walked together in the Park of mornings, when you, my unsuspicious Selina, were asleep."

"The wicked, ungrateful girl!"

"Truly—to so disinterested a benefactress! My dear Selina, you brought the girl into your house to play your own game and mine, and she partly outwitted us both—that's all! I bear her no malice."

"I do: I hate her."

"Naturally, my dear; that is the way of women. And I am glad of it just now, because you can still help me and I you. Listen, Selina. I am not dashed by all this. I can forbid the banns, Mrs. Lorn, with your help."

"Only show me the way!"

"Well, to begin with, you must understand that Miss Aspar is a person of quite different order from you and me. We have no weak prejudices in favour of virtue, Selina, have we? But she has. She is purer of soul now, my sweet friend, than you were, I should say, even in your cradle. This fellow, Tyrone, is a good fellow enough, but a little wild and that sort of thing. Now, don't you think something could be found out and made clear to her—something that a girl of that sensitive character ought to know? I believe in my soul she is capable of rejecting any lover for things that you, Selina, would only shrug your pretty shoulders at and affect not to see. Down in Dixie, you remember, we made great allowances for young men and their toys—didn't we? Take my word for it, she would not do so."

"No doubt she is an angel!" Se-

lina said, scornfully, and palpitating wildly.

"The nearer she is to the angels, Mrs. Lorn, the better chance, in this case, for you and me. I can't very well move in the matter; but you can easily find out everything—devise something—throw something in his way—do anything of that kind. Surely I needn't explain to a woman! Selina, we are made colleagues now by fate rather than goodwill. I tell you I have set my heart on marrying this girl, and if you can help me it is your one solitary chance of helping yourself to the desire of your heart. And—will you believe it—I should be glad to see you successful? Apart from interest and everything else, I should be glad. I feel a sympathy with you—I pity you—for am not I rowing in the same boat?"

He took her hand in his rather gently, and she looked up at him, hardly understanding.

"Yes," he went on, "only think of it! You and I, both pretty well worn out in the world—think of our turning young again—you going mad about a conceited young Irish beggar, and I losing my wits for a

pretty little schoolgirl! Well, Selina, this is my last madness! Let us help each other in our folly. I have given you a hint: I needn't say any more. If you can profit by it I know you will. Good morning; let me see you to your carriage—I mean, cab!"

"Good-bye, Philip," Mrs. Lorn said, fixing her dark eyes on him. "And so it has really come to this? You do really love her, and you and I are friends at last—only friends and nothing more! Once I should have thought anything possible—anything but that!"

She dropped her veil and he conducted her to her cab, in which she only drove to the corner of a street near her own house.

Quentin smiled grimly as he returned to his desk.

"Strange," he thought to himself; "I have positively acquired a value in her eyes because she knows that I love another woman and don't care about her! One gets to understand women only when it is too late."

"That ungrateful, deceitful, wicked girl!" Mrs. Lorn exclaimed, in the presence of Theodore, that same evening. "I am glad she is going!"

"What girl are you talking of, mamma?" Theodore asked, with puckered lips and brows.

"That thankless creature, Jennie Aspar!"

"Jennie Aspar's the best girl in all the world, and it's a shame! And it isn't a bit like you, mamma, to talk of her so—and I'm glad she's going, too, when people don't appreciate her."

He jumped from his chair and walked angrily up and down the room.

"Has she bewitched you, too?" said Mrs. Lorn. "I do believe it! Come here, Theodore."

The boy drew near, blushing and rather sullen.

"Let me look in your face. Why, child, how red you are! I do declare I think you are one of Jennie Aspar's lovers too!"

"Well, I don't care!" Theodore illogically replied, extricating himself with the manner of one who doesn't choose to be reconciled; "but I know it's a beastly shame!"

Mrs. Lorn went to her own room, and first cried and then stormed, and then cried again, and finally softened down into the

sentimental and the generous. She so overwhelmed Jennie with tenderness when the parting moment came that the girl felt penitent because she had not better deserved such affection. The traces of the tears of malice and spite and humbled vanity which still remained on Mrs. Lorn's cheeks did excellent service in lending an appearance of sincerity to the lamentation with which she bade the hated rival farewell.

"I'll not say good-bye, Jennie," cried Theodore; "I'm coming to see you every day."

CHAPTER XIII.

Some months went away and brought a change in the position and relations of many of our people. Mr. Prinker is married to Alicia Aspar, and has taken a large and solid-looking house immediately out of one of the squares. Alicia is placid and happy. Jennie Aspar is for the present living with them, and she is now the acknowledged *fiancée* of Maurice Tyrone. He and she have alike explained their position and their engagement to her family, who have had to put up with it as they may, for they have not been consulted, but only informed. Tyrone, having resolutely and patiently grappled with his affairs in Ireland, finds that things are not so utterly hopeless as they once seemed. He is going to bring under the operation of the Landed Estates Act what remnant of valuable interest, after incumbrances, he possesses in what once were family estates, and he thinks

that, what with his mother's money and the sale of all the rest, he will have a modest amount left to keep his wife and himself in a sort of genteel poverty until he can find that mysterious path which is to open out a career for him. Meanwhile he has all but quarrelled with Madame Pinel, whom he finds one day in a flood of tears over his degradation because he is going to marry a jeweller's daughter or pawnbroker's daughter or something of the kind, and she wonders that the ghosts of all the real old Tyrones don't come from their graves. Indeed, she declares that she has herself seen Tyrone's aunt appear in the moonlight at the foot of her bed all in white, looking awful. However, the ancient spectre does not appear at the foot of Tyrone's bed, and even if she had, could never have frightened her headstrong and desperate nephew out of marrying Jennie Aspar. Tyrone becomes so angry with Johanna that she never dares to mention the subject again, but goes about the house shaking her head solemnly and looking like a martyr.

Mr. Prinker and Colonel Quentin are close friends, and Mr. Prinker is chairman of a new mining company whereof Colonel

Quentin is managing director, and Colonel Quentin now appears on the board of a financiering company of which Mr. Prinker is the leading spirit. Colonel Quentin dines very often with the Prinkers. His manner to Jennie is friendly and kind, with a slight dash of the pathetic in it; but he appears to have crushed down all memories of his sudden love proposal and to have subsided into the place of an unassuming friend. Jennie likes his bearing and feels grateful to him.

Winter has come upon London, but it is winter with a premature flavour of the season about it, as if the metropolis were trying to turn night into day. For the condition of Ireland is troublesome—perhaps ominous, rather than troublesome—and a winter session has been called together to deal with the subject. The Government either have, or affect to have, positive news of Fenian schemes and plots whereof the public know nothing. The public, however, are in a condition to believe almost anything, for, after a long lull in reports and alarms of Fenianism, there has been a sudden revival of astonishing rumour and some startling evidence. Meanwhile nothing

has been heard of the gallant General Macan, and Tyrone is beginning to hope he has gone back to the head-quarters near Union Square, New York. Charette is still in prison somewhere, to be tried soon. The Government officials say to all who inquire, "No foreign government, American or French, has shown any inclination to interfere on his behalf or concern itself at all about him."

The important fact, however, in which at the present we are concerned is that Tyrone and Jennie Aspar are openly engaged or acknowledged lovers. Real life has done this much for our heroine—it has found her a hero and given him to her. She ought to be almost at the highest point of human happiness. Were it only for herself she would be happy even to ecstasy. But she has to think of her lover, and she has already learned the woman's part—to look first in the face of her lover before she knows whether or not she is to be happy. Sometimes Jennie Aspar, looking anxiously in Tyrone's face, saw it clouded.

There was much about the present position of his love-suit which did not delight Tyrone. He chafed at the terms

on which he was received by the Prinkers. It humiliated him that he should be in the condition of a supplicant for the favour and the good opinion of such people. It galled him to think that he seemed as if on trial and under inspection. He thought Prinker a dull, pompous, and purse-proud old prig, and he found Alicia almost absolutely uninteresting. The dinner-parties to which he was sometimes invited were stupid and heavy, and Tyrone was often seized with a silent mood, and could not make himself agreeable there. People put down as insufferable hauteur and beggarly self-conceit the cold reserve which was only that of a sensitive nature, perplexed in the extreme. Tyrone hardly ever saw Jennie alone now, even for five minutes. It was made evident to him in every possible way, that the Prinkers wholly disapproved of his suit to Jennie, and only endured it at the last since endured it must be, as the self-immolation of a wilful, headstrong girl to a worthless and ruined young man. It was a new sensation for our young prince to find himself an unwelcome guest anywhere. Perhaps there were moments when he wished he

were not quite so much in love with Jennie.

All this, however, he forgot when she was in the room—when he was near her; when he could catch now and then a glance from her eyes. Never could there be a truer and (in its way) a purer sacrifice to mere love than Tyrone made, when he endured his position with the Prinkers for the sake of Jennie. It was a good lesson in life for him. At last he had ceased to live wholly for himself. He hardly ever went to a club; he rarely dined out. He had made up his mind that when the present chapter of Irish difficulties should have passed away, and he could feel sure that his voice would no longer be needed for his country, he would resign his seat in Parliament. Only he would resign freely when the time came—he would not be driven out.

Jennie saw with falcon eye all his sacrifices and his struggles, and she adored him for them. But she sometimes wondered with a kind of terror whether his nature could endure this strain for her, whether he would not some time or other grow tired of it and renounce it. She could not

help seeing now and then that Tyrone had a contempt for Mr. Prinker and his ways and his wealth: that he thought Aunt Granger a bore, and Mr. Granger an idiot. Aunt Granger in particular took advantage of what she knew or guessed of Tyrone's position as a possible connexion to patronize him ostentatiously, and treat him with a sort of maternal familiarity and affection which were very trying. Mrs. Granger was fond of handsome young men, and liked them all the better if they had, or had had, a dangerous reputation. She gave out in an elaborately discreet way, that she "favoured the match," that Tyrone was a great pet of hers, and that she had always known that he would sow his wild oats and come to something. In truth, all the members of the two families, except Jennie alone, were secretly proud of the attachment of Tyrone and disposed to give themselves airs about it. Even Mr. Prinker, although firmly and conscientiously opposed to the match, felt it meanwhile a proud thing to have such a suitor in the family. For in the House of Commons Tyrone even still usually associated with men to whom it never occurred

to have any manner of private intimacy with Mr. Prinker.

All this Jennie saw, and it made her uncomfortable. Every trying condition of life tends to develop in women, no matter how young, that maternal, care-taking instinct which always calls upon them to throw themselves between man and his discomforts. Jennie longed to do something to shelter and relieve her lover from these petty, ignoble annoyances. When she thought of them and tried to prevent them it seemed to her as if she had become prematurely older than Tyrone, and ought to be able to protect him from such annoyances. This was a new and doubly endearing light in which to regard her brilliant hero, her magnificent ruined prince, her handsome, brave demi-god, whose love lifted up her soul. She was raised above the earth with happiness when she thought of him and how he loved her. For herself she asked nothing but that this should last for ever. She could have lived a life of pure delight on the mere thought of his love, feeding her heart on it always.

But the little annoyances under which she sometimes saw him wince gave her

pain. One fortunate day he came to Mr. Prinker's when no one was at home but Jennie, and she ran down delighted to see him; and—let the truth be spoken—Tyrone fairly took her in his arms and kissed her, and although she blushed rosy red she did not resist or remonstrate.

"My darling Jennie," said Tyrone, releasing her, "I wish I could take you in my arms and fly away with you; carry you off to some island, where there should be nobody but you and I—you and I!"

"And so do I sometimes," she answered, quite earnestly and gravely. "I wish you might."

"Suppose we run away and get married; give your people the slip, and get rid of all obstacles and delays? Will you come, Jennie?"

"I will come if you ask me; any moment you like." She turned her eyes fully on his, and their expression was serious and even sad.

"Would you really do this?" Tyrone asked, more earnestly. "Would you come away with me now—this day—and trust to me; and leave all, and quarrel with your family, and be my wife?"

"I would, indeed. I would go upstairs this moment and put on my bonnet, and go with you to the end of the world, if you asked me."

Tyrone stood up and looked at her with eyes that lighted with surprise and love.

"Good God!" he said, "you don't know the temptation you put in my way! Jennie, as I stand here I am wild with longing to take you at your word and carry you off this moment."

"Take me at my word," said Jennie, "if you will."

"You would not be afraid to trust yourself to me?" he asked, laying one hand gently upon her shoulder and looking down at her tenderly.

"Afraid to trust myself to you? What could I be afraid of? I am sure you care a great deal more for me than I do for myself." It did not even occur to our heroine to think that there could be fear for her purity and her honour in the care of the man who loved her. She never bestowed a thought on the subject. She was far too confiding and too pure. In her whole nature was no drop of suspicion of the perfect honour of her lover.

As she spoke she put her hand gently, frankly, into his. Tyrone raised it to his lips, then dropped it and turned away for an instant, not without a sigh. At such a moment every generous man feels a pang to think that he never can in life again have a purity fit to match with that of such a woman.

"This, I suppose," he said, speaking to himself rather than to her, "is the feeling which makes people believe in the lost Paradise!" He thought of the foolish, evanescent, half-corrupting pleasures and excitements to which so much of his youth and his early manhood had been given. A whole brood of sullied memories swept over him in an instant, and then he looked again at the pure face of the girl who loved and trusted him, and he could have knelt to her and begged to be forgiven, because he had not always been worthy of her.

"Well, Jennie," he said, "I'll not take you at your word. I'll not make myself happy in that way. I sometimes doubt if the best thing I could do for your happiness and your life would not be to go away this moment and never see you again."

"Oh!" She caught his hand instinctively as if he were actually about to leave her.

"Don't be afraid; I'm not going to leave you. I am not enough of a hero even if it ought to be done, but I'll not carry you away, Jennie, just yet. We must wait. But now tell me something. Come, sit here on this sofa near me. But I'll not come too near, for if I did I should want to kiss you. Tell me one thing; why have you changed so suddenly in all this?"

"Changed in what, Mr. Tyrone?"

"Don't call me Mr. Tyrone. Call me Maurice, or call me Tyrone, the name I love best. Well, now for a full explanation. Only the other day you were all wisdom and caution. Now you are ready to run away to Gretna Green, if there be any such place, or anywhere. Why is this change? You don't do anything out of mere caprice. Why so cautious then and so incautious now?"

"I was only cautious for you, never for myself. What do I care about myself, so ong as I have you?"

"But why not in the same mood still? Come, Jennie, let me see your heart?"

"You may see it all, my dearest—I mean Mr. Tyrone. Well then, Tyrone—dearest, dearest Tyrone! Oh, why should I not call you my dearest when you are so? I have only changed because I think you are not happy, and I think I ought to do something to give you happiness. No, don't begin to tell me that you are, for I can see things, and I know you are tired of all this and you don't care for my people, Tyrone."

He was about to interpose with some reassuring words, but she stopped him.

"Don't stop me; let me speak. You despise them in your heart, all their little meannesses and their ways, and you think them beneath you, and I don't wonder, for they *are* beneath you. I used to laugh at Aunt Lucy, and think her ways mean and ridiculous. How could you help feeling a contempt for them? But I feel pained for you, and for them, and for *me*. Do you remember how pert and rude I was to you that first day I ever saw you, because I thought you despised them and us? Ah, what a child I was then, and I feel such a grave woman now! Well now, you understand me, I know. I think you are

ashamed of these people, who are *my* people, and I have brought you into all this, and I see that you are not happy. And so if anything I could do would give you pleasure, I would do it and think it right to do. Wise or not I would do it if you wished."

Here Jennie's voice gave way and her eyes filled with tears. Tyrone put his arm round her and drew her to him, and soothed her with a thousand blandishments, and with sincere assurances that her love was worth all the world to him and that she was the queen of his universe. He earnestly pleaded to be forgiven if he had ever, by any unfortunate impatience of manner, showed that he failed in respect for her people ("I don't want you to respect them—how could you respect Aunt Lucy, except because she is good-natured and all that?" broke in Jennie, with some of her old impetuosity), and he consoled and encouraged her, and talked away her fears. He went away resolving that he would take good care never again to show impatience or contempt for any of Jennie's people, and thinking more than ever how dear and pure and good she was, and how bright a

time it would be when he could take her to himself altogether. Before he left her he did, too, make some plea about the comfort of sometimes seeing her alone; and Jennie declared that, let who would object, she would see him alone and walk with him whenever he wished. Perhaps this was the most prudent thing an imprudent and innocent girl ever did, for it threw Tyrone upon his honour and self-control to shield her from all blame or doubt; and he resolved that he would never ask her to meet him or receive him alone; that if they ever did have a precious and delightful quarter of an hour together it must even be the work of blameless chance.

Another little discomfort in the way of the lovers arose from the frequent visits of Colonel Quentin, who had succeeded in making himself a constant guest with the Prinkers and the Grangers alike.

"I wish you would not let that fellow come near you," Tyrone said to Jennie, one evening when there was a large party in her sister's drawing-room and he had a chance of speaking to her. "I don't like him, Jennie, and I hate to see him near you."

"What can I do?" she asked. "He

comes here to Alicia and Mr. Prinker. They like him."

"Let them like him, if they will; there is something about him I distrust and don't like. Take my word for it, Jennie, he is a low and worthless fellow. I have an instinctive detestation of him. When he speaks to you I feel inclined to kick him out of the room."

"He was very kind," said Jennie, simply, "when poor papa died. He is a plain, unaffected sort of person."

"Unaffected! The fellow is as full of affectation as a schoolgirl."

"He is a great friend of Mrs. Lorn," said Jennie, not without the least possible tinge of harmless malice.

"I don't know. Mrs. Lorn used to seem afraid of him, and I don't think she has much sense in any case. Then the idea of the fellow thinking you would marry him. Absurd! After that he ought to have had the sense to keep away."

"You are not angry?" Jennie asked, pleadingly. "I wouldn't annoy you for a thousand such, but what can I do? I can't be uncivil; there is no reason. But, if you like, I will never speak to him again,

Tyrone. I will do anything you like. How can a poor girl be more submissive? They used to call me wilful and headstrong——"

"I am afraid they call you so still," said Tyrone, smiling, "when you wont take advice and renounce *me*. No, Jennie; do as you will. I am a fool, and an ungrateful one, too, to distress you about anything. Be as civil to Colonel Quentin as you think right. If he was kind to you, that gives him a claim on me; and I don't think I ought to blame him if he fell in love with you."

"Oh, but he didn't! I am sure he didn't! It was some impulse of good nature."

"Well, let us put all that aside. He couldn't help himself, I suppose; and see, Jennie, I'll go and speak to him and be as cordial as I can presently, for *your* sake."

So Tyrone did presently cross the room and talk to Quentin with grand civility, which perhaps in his secret heart our self-conceited young prince considered an immense act of condescension, quite enough to have effaced every unpleasant memory from

the breast of the American. Indeed, under the conviction that he was doing a kind thing for Quentin, Mr. Tyrone began to feel positively genial and friendly towards him. It always softened Tyrone's heart to have a chance of doing a kindness to anybody. His bitterest enemy might have won him over by giving him a chance of doing that enemy a good turn.

Colonel Quentin had half a dozen good reasons for disliking Tyrone, one of the foremost of which was that his whole mind was set on injuring him and he wanted a full and satisfactory justification. Another reason, and a strong one, was his uneasy conviction that Tyrone did not consider him a gentleman. Tyrone, he felt satisfied, could know nothing of his origin; but yet Quentin believed that he was looked down upon, and he writhed under the thought. Quentin was sensitive and sore all over on this point; it was the one chief weakness in a character that had otherwise no small amount of strength.

He had strength enough not to show any of his feelings to Tyrone, and Jennie saw with some pleasure that they talked together in apparently a very friendly

way. But Tyrone's little outburst of anger impressed her rather painfully. It brought with it a new and vague sense of alarm. It suggested something else to be thought of and guarded against. The girl sometimes wondered to herself what was becoming of the hot and petulant temper that used to distress her friends and herself. It was all absorbed, apparently, in the strength of her love—the love whereof she was always taking thought, and which, even while it most excited her anxiety, made her supreme joy in life, and left her neither time nor mood for petty anger and small gladnesses.

Tyrone walked part of his way home that night in company with Colonel Quentin. As they were about to separate near the corner of Clarges Street, Quentin asked carelessly—

"Have you heard lately from our friend Macan?"

"I have not heard anything of Mr. Macan." (If Quentin had not used the words "our friend" Tyrone would have spoken of "General" Macan, and willingly accorded to the Fenian, whom he rather liked, his coveted military honours. But

the words "our friend" grated on his ears.) "There was no reason why he should write to me."

"Indeed! I thought you were in communication. But Macan is such a negligent fellow; he is good for nothing until action of some kind begins.

Tyrone smoked his cigar and remained rigidly silent.

"You have heard, of course, of General Charette's escape?" asked Quentin.

"No. Has he escaped?"

"Oh yes; he is at large. I saw the telegram just now."

"Can it be true? Where did he escape from?"

"I don't quite remember. Some one of your local prisons. I dare say he bribed the turnkey or something of the kind. Charette's a cool, clever fellow, with courage and stratagem enough for anything."

"And this is certain?" Tyrone asked, to whom it seemed a grave piece of news, considering the effect it was likely to have on Fenianism, which he had hoped was dying out.

"Perfectly certain. He is probably with

Macan by this time. We shall hear news of them before long, depend upon it.

"I wish you foreigners would leave Ireland to herself," said Tyrone, bitterly. "You can't help her, Colonel Quentin. The best thing you can do is to let her alone. The unsought services of a cosmopolitan desperado like this man Charette are the heaviest curse ever inflicted upon her. This was all we wanted to complete our ruin."

He tosssd his cigar-end impatiently away and turned up Clarges Street in a somewhat petulant mood, and perhaps a little ashamed of his own petulance. But he really anticipated only the worst results for Ireland from the escape of Charette.

"If they had but let the fellow go," Tyrone said to himself, meaning by "they" the English Government; "if they had only sent him away or let him go with utter indifference it might have done some good. But if this story of his escape be true it is the very thing which, above all others, will delight the Munster and Connaught peasantry, just the blending of craft and daring which they exult in; and the fellow will be a hero and a leader, a

chief to trust and believe in. I feel strongly tempted to revive the old ridiculous quarrel, accept his challenge again, and do my best to blow his brains out."

With which charitable and Christianlike expression of regret, Tyrone put his latch-key into his door and opened it.

CHAPTER XIV.

TYRONE was almost always the latest arrival in Madame Pinel's house. A little tongue of flame was left burning in the gas-lamp in the hall, and another in the candelabrum upheld by a tall lady in imitation bronze who stood in the lobby outside his sitting-room door. Beside the bronze lady was a small table whereon stood a taper, which Tyrone could light from the bronze lady's candelabrum, and thus, if he felt inclined, set the gas in his sitting-room burning.

This night Tyrone went carelessly up the stairs, and when he came to the lobby table was a little surprised to find that the taper was not there. The scent of cigar-smoke, too, seemed to fill the place, an unusual thing in his absence, for he was the only smoker under the roof. He opened the door of his sitting-room. The gas

was lighting, and a man was reclining on the sofa and smoking a cigar. The moment Tyrone entered the man sprang up and advanced to meet him with a profound bow. It was Charette.

"I have to ask a thousand pardons of Mr. Tyrone," said the General, "for an intrusion so strange; but I am a fugitive and an outlaw, and I ask for shelter on the threshold of my enemy. I stand like Coriolanus at the gate of Aufidius. Mr. Tyrone, I am your personal enemy. I am in your power. Surrender me, if you will, to British law."

"May I ask, General Charette," said Tyrone, who had now recovered his composure, "how you have come to do me the honour of occupying my rooms in my absence?"

"That is all simple. I escape from the prison—matters not how—I fly to London, the largest place, the most easy of refuge, in safety. I have no friends here but those who are in danger like myself. Naturally I think of an enemy who is a man of honour. I come to your door; I tell madame the *concièrge* that I desire to wait for you; she allows me. That is

all. Mr. Tyrone, we are enemies. We have yet a quarrel to fight out, which must be fought. Meantime I ask for shelter from you."

Tyrone felt an unspeakable blending of dislike and curiosity as he looked at Charette. The rather flat nose, the receding forehead, the broad, pale-blue flashing eye, the wolf-like expression in the mouth, with its lips that seemed to fold back as he spoke, the red hair and moustache, the exaggeration of tone and gesture, all made up a personage who might seem a buffoon if he were not so much of a brigand. The story of the man's life came back upon Tyrone; of his ingrained passion for conspiracy and delight in revolt, his insatiable thirst for bloodshed, his almost inconceivable eccentricities as a politician, and the utter recklessness with which he exposed his own life to every danger; and Tyrone could not help feeling a certain interest blended with his surprise and displeasure.

"I don't know, General Charette," he said, slowly, "why you should expect safety here. You must have been seen entering this door, and I fear I am one of

the suspected myself, although how innocently you know perfectly well. You know that I am entirely opposed to all your schemes, that I have no sympathy with what you call the Revolution, and that I think the intrusion of your continental revolutionists is a bitter curse to Ireland. Why do you ask *me* to shelter you?"

"Because you are an Irish gentleman—they tell me of the blood of Irish princes—and, as I have said, because you are my enemy! I only ask you to allow me to stay here until the early train for Paris to-morrow morning; to permit me so far to disguise myself here as I can, and to designate the way, when I am ready, to the nearest voiture—cab. Then I am gone, and that is all. But if you wish to surrender me to the police you can. Our quarrel, Mr. Tyrone, will not be embittered by your betraying me nor mitigated by your giving me your shelter. I appeal to you as a man of honour to his enemy."

Then Charette fell back to the chimney-piece, leaned against it, inflated his chest, and resumed his cigar. He was now Coriolanus complete. The moment was delight-

ful to him. Life was to Charette always a grand theatric spectacle, in which he had the happy privilege of at once playing the hero and contemplating his own performance. Charette had over and over again prepared his dying speeches and rehearsed his dying attitudes. Death, in any form, could hardly take him unawares. He was ready with something fine to say if a bullet should strike him in the breast, or he should be taken out for execution, or should expire wounded on a hospital bed with the Sister of Charity weeping beside him. The Revolution—here, there, anywhere—was a stage for him. Perhaps the one only time when Fortune took him quite unexpectedly was when Tyrone's clenched hand struck him between the eyes. He had not studied anything appropriate and fine for a hero to say on being knocked down. Half bravo, half mountebank, he had at least the blood-thirsty courage of a Fra Diavolo as well as the careless, supple immorality of a Paillasse. To do him justice, he would, were he in Tyrone's place, have sheltered his worst enemy, were it at the risk of his own life. To do him justice, too, he would have

thought it his fair privilege and right to seduce the wife of his dearest friend while sheltering, at that friend's utter risk, beneath his roof.

Tyrone walked impatiently up and down his room.

"This is too much," he thought to himself. "What can I do with this confounded fellow? I ought to hand him over to the police at once, but I can't do so. This is what comes of not having been born a British churchwarden! Confound it all! I detest this man as much as any St. Pancras churchwarden could do, but I can't give him up. It would be something quite new in the history of the house of Tyrone if the head of the family—head and body and all now—were to play the part of a British policeman. Why am I an anachronism?"

He began, however, to see a certain humour in the whole adventure and to be amused by it.

General Charette kept his attitude and waited without a word or movement. His eyes were deficient in eyelashes and had an odd way of blinking which gave somehow

an additional expression of ferocious recklessness to them.

Tyrone stopped at last.

"General Charette," he said, "I can't refuse you shelter. I tell you frankly I almost wish I could. But if I help you to escape—and remember such an act will destroy me in public opinion here—will you promise to give up all plots and schemes for the benefit of unfortunate Ireland—all schemes of revolution?"

"I cannot accept shelter on conditions," said Charette, waving proudly the hand which held his cigar. "I think I remember me of Mr. Tyrone once refusing safety under conditions. It may be that the John Bull Government itself would have let me off were I content to promise. No, Mr. Tyrone, I have consecrated my life to the cause of the oppressed nationalities. Ireland, your country, is oppressed. She has but to call on me—lo, I am there!"

"Will you promise," Tyrone asked, with a smile which he could not repress, "to wait until she does call on you?"

"I can promise nothing, Mr. Tyrone. Man gives not what is not his own. My

life is devoted to the cause of liberty. I am in your power. I have no claim on you, except the claim of revenge for a sanglant insult. I have obtruded myself on you. You can surrender me. That will only affect *you*. But to make a condition; ah, well that, see you, would affect *me*. Mr. Tyrone—Jamais!"

"Well," said Tyrone, "you have trusted to me, and whatever comes of it I cannot betray you. Will you then do me the favour to occupy my bedroom, General Charette? I will sleep here on the sofa."

"No, not so," the General replied, with a polite bow. "I, with your permission, will occupy the sofa; its luxurious accommodation for one who has spent his boyhood and his manhood, as I have, in the great and the little war. Pardon; do not urge me, it would but distress me. I must not intrude on your kindness too far. We are enemies, Mr. Tyrone, and must be enemies until the stain of a night be washed away. But for the moment you are only my too courteous host, and I am your guest profoundly obliged."

Tyrone then offered his singular guest

wine, brandy—anything. But Charette was a water-drinker, and seldom ate anything unless compelled by actual hunger. His cigar, he said, was his only luxury. So Tyrone courteously bade him good-night, to which Charette replied by a profound bow, and then the perplexed host left his serene and self-contained guest.

Tyrone went into his bedroom, but he felt little inclination for sleep. The nearness of Charette seemed to oppress him, and he could hear that Charette was wide awake, for the regular puffing of the cigar went on as steadily as the throbbing of a steam-engine. Tyrone sat in an arm-chair and gave himself up to thought about his prospects, his life, the condition of his country, about Jennie and his love for her. He fell into an uneasy sleep at last, and he dreamed that Colonel Quentin was in the next room with Charette, and that both were plotting some assassin scheme. He saw the room and Charette and Quentin so plainly—the two men with their heads together, and Quentin's black eyes earnestly gazing into Charette's blinking, pale blue, hyena eyes—that when he awoke with a

start he felt certain Quentin was close at hand. There was no sound now from Charette, and Tyrone could not resist the temptation to rise and go to the door of the room and look in. The door was open; the lamps were burning; the fire was out. Charette was not asleep; he was seated at the centre-table with a military map spread out before him, in the study of which he was wholly absorbed. The professional revolutionist was studying his part. Tyrone went back to his room and presently fell into a deep sleep. When he woke, cold and shivering, he started up and looked at his watch. It was long past the hour when Charette ought to have gone. He hurried into the drawing-room. The lights were out; the cold wintry sun was stealing in. Nobody was there. Tyrone might for a moment have fancied that the whole adventure was a dream, but that the cigar-ashes were strewn in little heaps over the table. On the chimney-piece there was a card set conspicuously up. Tyrone took it; it contained a few lines of French written in a neat, womanlike hand.

"Thousand thanks. Another obligation

to be fulfilled! One of enmity, one of gratitude! I have not disturbed you; it was not necessary. I have taken the liberty to help myself a little to the means of disguise, and shall be safe. Not adieu, but au revoir!"

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